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WORLEBURY.

FROM the rock-crown of a long woodland
hill,
We watched the grandeur of the sunset
blaze
Along the deep horizon measureless,
Where channel surges meet the Atlantic
tide ;
And all the hollow of the boundless air,
And all the ranges of engirdling heights,
And restless face of the broad-sweeping
flood
Were clothed with flame as with a garment
vast —

A lucid veil of splendour and of joy :
It made the rolling Mendips laugh in light,
It turned brown waters into billowy gold,
It kissed with kindling lips the coast of
Wales,
It lit the Brecon Beacon from afar,
And touched with lustre opaline the peak
Of giant Dunkery as sheer he soared
To reach the floating pearl of phantom
cloud
That sends "the eternal softness of the
west."

Low down the western verge of that long
hill,
Hard by the beach, hidden 'mid ancient
elms,
Stands the grey church of that green
country-side,
And there we lingered as we sauntered
back,
Heard the sweet litanies of even-song
Blent with the rippling psalm of the bright
wave,
And so the golden and majestic hour
Brought with its fading beam the solemn
thought

Of a dim personality divine
That thro' the witching voices of the
world,
And all the winsome images of light,
The freshness of the lonely moorland's
calm,
The nightly watch of unforgetful stars,
The flowing of the amber founts of dawn,
The haunting of the murmur of the sea,
Into the raised imagination breathes
Grave exaltation, and immortal fire,
Infinite comfort, peace unspeakable,
The dream of hope which quivers like new
day

Above the clouded and mysterious ridge
That ends the vision of the vale of life.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

Spectator.

A PHILISTINE CONFESSION.

FAIN would I sing in minor key of woe,
In modern fashion, could I only banish
The sunshine from my heart : 'tis quite
de trop ;
But it won't vanish !

"Court pessimism," urge my cultured
friends :

"Think how brute-force the world sets
spinning blindly ;
How to blank misery existence tends !"
(They mean it kindly.)

"Surely," they cry, "at least you can de-
spair ?

Condemn to darkness all that once seemed
brightest ?

Feel you no loathing for the fate you
share ?"

No — not the slightest !

Yet Fortune too has mocked me with her
moods ;

Her fickle wings, alack ! she's lightly
shaken ;

And left me Care for comrade : while my
goods
The jade has taken.

"Well then ?" — well then, I smile : (and
so 'twere vain

For poor contentment's slave to ape the
poet :)

"You think God's balance tilts the loss
with gain ?"

Nay, friend, — I know it !

Spectator.

R. K. H.

If all the world had a pleasure-garden,
And went there ever in early sun,
There were more to praise, there were less
to pardon
When the day is over and done.

There's an airy wisdom, a solemn light-
ness,

A passion of power in brain and blood,
Belong to the dew and the still cool bright-
ness

When day is a flower in bud.

I have phloxes silver and phloxes rosy,
So sweet in service and glad to please,
With mines of wealth in their every posy
For jolly bacchanal bees.

MAUDE EGERTON KING.

From The London Quarterly Review.
AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.¹

"VERY soon after my arrival in Egypt," writes Miss Chennels, in her introduction to these volumes, "I had occasion to observe that the opinion prevalent among Mohammedans was that it was a disgrace to any woman for her face to be seen, or her name to be heard beyond the walls of the harem." It was in deference to this prejudice that the publication of her "Recollections" was delayed till not only her royal pupil, but the children who shared her studies and pleasures, were in their graves. Not that they contain the faintest touch of scandal, the slightest hint of indiscreet revelation. The social life of the Khedive Ismail and his family is painted in the fairest colors, and the impression one gains of him from these pages is that of an amiable, somewhat over-indulgent *paterfamilias*, scarcely to be recognized as the "Oriental despot with a Parisian veneer,"² "whose strength of will and perverse fertility of resource enabled him to maintain a powerful despotism in spite of general discredit and impending bankruptcy, and to baffle all the efforts of European diplomacy to make him govern on rational principles."

Miss Chennels, in her notes and comments on what she saw, restricts herself carefully to her *role* of governess; and though her narrative affords now and then a side-light, "significant of much," on the character of Ismail and the nature of his administration, yet its principal value consists in the almost photographic clearness and accuracy of the picture it gives of the private life of Mohammedan ladies of high rank just beginning to experience the disturbing influence of Western ideas. It is a drama of the clash of two civilizations; and the protagonist is the little princess, whose sweet, wistful face, with the soft, Oriental features, looks out of the photograph facing

the title-page, in striking contrast with her Paris-made costume, in the height of the hideous fashion of 1870, or thereabouts.

The story of this poor child's short life reminds one often of the proverbial disadvantages of sewing new cloth on old garments. The instincts of freedom, energy, and self-improvement imparted by an English education were inevitably and hopelessly at strife with the harem life of seclusion, idleness, mental and moral stagnation, to which the customs of the East condemned her as soon as her childhood was over.

The pathetic human interest which thus attaches to the subject of Miss Chennels's "Recollections" is accentuated by the fact that the narrator is obviously not writing for effect. She sets down everything as it comes—picnics to the Pyramids and the humors of *Bairam*, visits to the royal ladies, impertinences of the Arab servants, reflections on the slavery question, and notes on the Cairo bazaars, with small care for any order beyond the chronological. But this only increases the impression of exactitude and good faith that grows on one as one reads. The author's view of things is open to the reproach of being a little "set" and conventional; the minor discomforts of Eastern life take up a somewhat disproportionate place in her narrative; but she is throughout clear-sighted, sensible, not without perception of the humorous; and the very profusion of detail in which she indulges on the subject of her privations, helps one to realize how difficult it must be to educate a set of people so undisciplined, so idle, so ignorant of the value of time or the force of a promise, as those with whom she had to do, into any adequate conception of order, rectitude, and public duty.

Miss Chennels entered upon her duties in October, 1871. The educational staff of the Khedive Ismail's household then consisted of a Mr. Freeland, who acted as the tutor of Ismail's fourth son, Ibrahim Pasha, Mr. Micheli, the assistant tutor, and the Princess

¹ Recollections of an Egyptian Princess. By Miss Chennels. Two vols. W. Blackwood & Sons.

² England in Egypt, by Alfred Milner.

Zeyneb's governess. Mr. Freeland had his wife and children with him. They all resided together in a large house in a fashionable suburb of Cairo, and their pupils were brought to them every day. The description of the princess's arrival on the morning of her introduction to Miss Chennels affords an instance of the way in which the old and the new jostle each other in this strangest of all lands. "She came in an English carriage, driven by an English coachman, with an English footman on the box;" while before the carriage two *syces*, or running footmen, in long, white robes with staff in hand, like those who cried "Bow the knee" before the chariot of Joseph, cleared the way for the distinguished occupant.

The princess was accompanied by Zohrab Bey, an American physician, and a pretty little Circassian girl, named Kopsès, the sharer of her studies and amusements, of about the same age as the princess, or perhaps a little older. The latter came shyly to me and Zohrab Bey stayed some time, that she might become familiarized with me. She was rather short in stature, but her face was very pretty, regular features, soft brown eyes (which she had a trick of screwing up), and long eyelashes, well-shaped head, and very good hair. . . . On account of ill health, she was rather backward in her studies, and was painfully aware of her deficiencies. Gentle and timid to a fault, she was of a character that developed late and required great encouragement. Her admiration for her little companion was unbounded, without a shade of jealousy. The latter was indeed a remarkable child, and well worthy the love of her little mistress. She was also small in stature, but slim and agile as a young fawn. She excelled in everything that she attempted, and learned all that she was taught with ease and exactness; but it would have been a false kindness to cultivate her powers according to their capability, at the risk of exciting ill feeling on the part of the princess, on whom she was wholly dependent. She was very lively, but wonderfully reticent in all concerning the inner life of the harem. She had the greatest influence over her little mistress, but it was always exerted for good.

At the time of Miss Chennels's arrival in Egypt the *official* household

of the khedive consisted of his three wives, called by Europeans the first, second, and third princess, and their children. These ladies had each her separate suite of apartments, and lived together, we are told, in perfect amity. Ibrahim Pasha and the Princess Zeyneb were the children of the second princess. They spent the greater part of their time at Mr. Freeland's house, associating with his children and with each other in lessons and play, exactly like European children of the same age. But the yoke of Mohammedan custom was only lifted in private. The brother and sister always came and went separately, as public opinion would have been outraged had they been seen together out of doors.

Ismail Pasha, thoroughly Oriental as was the groundwork of his character, seems to have done his best to Europeanize his court. Indeed, his fancy for foreigners of every description, and the readiness with which he yielded to the most preposterous claim, if presented by a European, formed a heavy indictment against his administration. In his time, says the author of "England in Egypt," his province was "the happy hunting-ground" of financiers and promoters of the shadiest description. Foreign diplomatic agents used their influence to obtain from poor, weak Egypt the payment of the most preposterous demands. "Please shut that window," Ismail Pasha said once, during an interview with some European *concessionaire*, "for if this gentleman catches cold it will cost me £10,000."

His susceptibility to foreign influence was not wholly to be deplored, since it prompted him to make some provision for the education of girls. The curriculum in the schools which he established included, not merely instruction in the ordinary branches of knowledge, but training in all the arts of household management. Unfortunately, these institutions were planned on so extravagant a scale that it was impossible to increase their number to an extent at all commensurate with the needs of the population. Miss Chennels credits him

with a real desire to raise the position of women. With regard to his own household, she says :—

The khedive's harem is differently conducted from that of other princes. He has four wives, it is true, but these ladies are not outraged by the *presence* of other favorites ; nor are the children of other mothers brought up under the same roof with them. . . . He endeavored to promote education in his own harem, and gave much greater liberty both of recreation and instruction to its members than any sovereign had done before him.

Miss Chennels gives a lively account of her journey to Constantinople in the suite of the khedive, and lays special stress on the indignation she felt at being deprived of the world-famous view of Stamboul and the Golden Horn. As the vessel entered the harbor the shutters of the ladies' saloon were jealously closed, lest any member of the inferior sex should offend the proprieties by allowing herself to be visible at the windows. Miss Chennels protested in vain. Though her status and nationality gave her many privileges, she had on this occasion to share the disabilities of her Mohammedan sisters. She seems to have been somewhat troubled occasionally as to the unsettling influence which familiarity with English manners might exert upon their moral standard and tone of thought. "They must either," she says, "consider us most abandoned creatures, or they must think that what is right in us cannot be so very wrong in them."

The author here indicates one of the greatest practical difficulties in the way of the emancipation of women not only in Egypt, but throughout the East. The destructive part of a reform is always infinitely easier to accomplish than the construction that should follow ; it is a much simpler thing to discredit a faith or to destroy an institution than to put a higher faith or a more perfect institution in its place. And it is of little use to break the yoke which the custom of ages has laid on the inmate of the harem and the zenana, unless they are made capable, when

the outer law is abolished, of becoming a law unto themselves.

Miss Chennels's pages abound in illustrations of the difficulties that all reformers in Egypt have had to contend with—the *vis inertiae* of custom, the unprincipled greed that too often manifests itself in high places, the apathy, prejudice, and jealousy of foreign interference which mark the mass of the population. Her account of the following piece of sharp practice on the part of the Ottoman government, which came under her notice in Constantinople, has its distinctively humorous side :—

The Turkish Government, as is well known, has always been in difficulties through profuse expenditure, and it was suggested to them that a monopoly in tobacco would be a profitable speculation. Several merchants bid for it, and it was finally made over to a Greek for a term of five years ; the Greek agreeing to pay the Government £20,000 (Turkish pounds) monthly. The Greek then formed a company, and the shares were promptly taken up. All the tobacco brought into Constantinople and its suburbs was to pass through the hands of this company, and they sold at treble the price, and adulterated the quality. I have been told that about forty thousand people in Constantinople, Pera, Galata, and Scutari live by the sale of tobacco, which is to the Oriental what beer is to the Briton. This monopoly therefore occasioned the greatest dissatisfaction ; smuggling to a large extent prevailed, and many were the conflicts that arose between the people and the excise officers. . . . About the fifth day the monopolist found placards posted up at his house, informing him that he would shortly be hanged at his own door, and he betook himself in great trepidation to the vizier for protection.

"If they hang you," said the vizier, "I'll have them all hanged."

"But that will not bring me to life again," said the Greek ; "can't you protect me now ?"

"No," said the vizier, "we can only punish after the crime has been committed."

In this he exaggerated a little, but he felt that the Government was in an untenable position, and if the Greek could be worked upon by his fears to break the contract, it would be less undignified than for the Government to recede from the position it had

taken. . . . Time passed on, smuggled tobacco was met with everywhere . . . and the company, with ruin staring them in the face, were glad to compromise the matter by forfeiting to the Government £T130,000 to be released from their contract. Nobody pitied them, and the tobacco shops resumed their old trade amid universal satisfaction.

It is evident from these volumes that the privilege of instructing an Egyptian princess was not without its drawbacks. On several occasions, owing to some hitch in the unwieldy domestic arrangements of the khedive's household, Miss Chennels was left without proper attendance, and once or twice actually without food. During her stay at Constantinople the khedive returned to Egypt, taking his son, Ibrahim Pasha, with him. His suite, including Mr. Michell and the Freeland family, followed as a matter of course, and Miss Chennels was left alone in the house they had occupied. She succeeded in inducing one of the servants attached to the harem to bring her a little bread and coffee, and on the next day luncheon was sent up to her from the palace, but dinner was not to be had. The day after, her pupils, the princess and Kopsès, came up from the harem, expecting to breakfast with her—an expectation that was doomed to disappointment.

I told the princess [says Miss Chennels] how I had been situated for the last two days, begging her to go back and speak to her mother on the subject, adding that she had better have breakfast in the harem, as there was no prospect of any in the house. The princess and Kopsès heard me quietly and then went away without making any comment. I was amazed at their reticence; for, knowing nothing then of harem habits except what could be gleaned from occasional visits, I was not at all aware that my pupil, though the khedive's daughter, had not the power to give any orders, except to her own immediate attendants. I had told her to go and breakfast in the harem, not knowing there was no such meal there. She had been accustomed for some years to an English breakfast, and therefore missed it as much as I did. . . . Twice a day regular meals were brought into the harem equivalent to our luncheon and dinner, the

first about half past eleven and the second at about six or seven. If any one was hungry between these meals, she might, perhaps, get a little fruit, sweets, or a tiny cup of coffee. His Highness, of course, lived in the European style, and when he was there, his three wives and their children all breakfasted, lunched, and dined with him. But his Highness was away, and the regular harem habits went on. The ladies had never been taught that it was unwholesome to eat sweets or fruit all day long, and having very little to employ them, they generally did so.

There is a touch of sincere pathos in Miss Chennels's picture of the Princess Zeyneb at this time. The gay, bright girl, who appreciated so thoroughly the rational freedom of her English training was rapidly approaching the period when that freedom was to be withdrawn from her. The prospect of lifelong seclusion within the high walls of the harem was infinitely more painful to her than it could have been to one who had known nothing of a wider sphere. For herself alone it would doubtless have been happier if the experiment of a Western training had never been tried. But every step in social progress demands its victims, and the poor child had to suffer and submit, that the next generation of her countrywomen might enjoy the advantages which only her example could secure to them. She was not unaware of the responsibility that rested upon her.

The princess would ask me all sorts of questions about England, and whether I thought society would ever be the same in Egypt as it was with us. I told her I thought much would depend upon herself; she was in a high position and would be looked up to as an example. If she, by her conduct, could show that liberty was not incompatible with modesty and innocence, there was no doubt but a few years would bring about an entire revolution in the present system with regard to women. Their seclusion was not a Mohammedan doctrine; it had existed in the East long before Mohammed; but in all countries, the more civilized a State became, the higher did women rise in the social scale. She used to moralize upon all this, and speak of her past life of liberty much as an elderly lady might do of her youth; but one

thing was very certain, that she dreaded the life of retirement that lay before her.

She might well dread it. It is difficult to imagine anything more depressing, more monotonous, more stultifying to all the higher activities of mind and spirit, than harem life as it appears in the studiously exact, but by no means unfriendly, records of this English lady. On the marriage of the Princess Zeyneb to her cousin Ibrahim Pasha, Miss Chennels, at her pupil's request, took up her abode with her in the harem—a large block of buildings entirely separate from the *selamlık* or residence of the pasha and his suite. With its grated windows, and the high walls that cut off all communication with the outer world, it had very much the aspect of a prison. The gates were guarded by eunuchs who allowed no one to pass in or out without a proper authorization.

One's notions of Oriental palace life are apt to be tinged with reminiscences of "Lalla Rookh" and the "Arabian Nights," and all the glamour of

the golden prime
Of good Haroun Al Raschid.

There is little enough of charm or poetry in the real thing as Miss Chennels saw it. Occupation was scouted, privacy was impossible, the inmates, who were all slaves with the exception of the princess and her governess, passed "the impracticable hours" in sleeping, eating sweetmeats, and playing practical jokes on one another for the amusement of their mistress; while at night our author assures us that the noise in the "hushed seraglio"—as Tennyson calls it with a poetic license far removed from fact—was so great that she found it impossible to sleep. The following anecdote does something to help one to conceive the hopeless monotony of the life to which Eastern women are doomed by the habits of their class and the prejudices of their country:—

One day, as I was going out of the harem door to drive into Cairo, one of the upper slaves, whom I had often noticed for her gentle manners, called out to me, "Oh,

madam! take me with you!" I turned back directly, and went up to the couch on which she was sitting. "Are you then so anxious to go out?" said I. "Oh, yes," she replied, "it is so very sad here; nothing to live for, day after day, nothing to live for!" I was moved, for I saw how much she felt it. "Sleep," said she, making the gesture of laying her head on her hand. "Nothing else to look forward to." She was not very young, and I believe for some years past they had talked of marrying her; but I doubt whether she looked forward to that even, she seemed so thoroughly impressed by her melancholy lot, and she was by no means the only one who produced that effect upon me.

The enormous number of slaves attached to opulent households is one of the most curious features in Eastern life. The conditions of their lot are entirely different from those which prevailed in America before the Civil War; and indeed, if the life were not more than meat and the body than raiment, many a poor freeman of Europe, toiling for a mere pittance, might envy the fate of a Circassian slave, well fed, sumptuously clothed, with the run of a palace, and practically nothing to do.

To this class belonged Kopsès Hanem, whose name occurs so often in Miss Chennels's recollections, and whose rare beauty and intelligence had obtained for her the advantage of being educated almost on a footing of equality with the young princess, whose legal property she was. She seems to have been singularly exempt from the faults of her class, and Miss Chennels speaks in the highest terms of her truth, conscientiousness, and self-respect. The term of slave, so cruel a stigma with us, does not, of course, convey the same reproach in the ear of an Oriental, who is a stranger to those highly wrought sentiments of personal independence which are only to be developed by a long experience of freedom.

She had [says Miss Chennels] great vivacity and wonderful tact for so young a person. She never obtruded her opinions, but when required she expressed them with a free and independent bearing, which, to our preconceived ideas, was totally incon-

sistent with slavery. Her manner to us was quite different from her behavior in the harem. With us she was the free outspoken member of a free community—outspoken, that is to say, in what concerned exclusively English manners and habits; in the harem she was the quiet, dignified Oriental, receiving notice from her superiors with profound respect, but without a tinge of servility.

The slaves belonging to the viceregal household may consider themselves as provided for throughout life. They are never sold again, and are frequently sought in marriage by men of high official position; but in any event, whether married or single, they receive the same monthly allowance until their death. It is easy to see how heavy a tax on the community must be involved in the maintenance in idleness and luxury of this crowd of useless beings.

The menial work of the palace was done, we are told, almost entirely by black slaves under the orders of the privileged Georgians and Circassians. The head slaves of the household, such as the *calfa* or housekeeper, and the *dada* or princess's nurse, had slaves under them, who attended to all their requirements. Miss Chennels was not so fortunate. The princess did indeed depute a maid to attend upon her; but the girl considered it derogatory to wait upon a *Giaour*, and Miss Chennels found that she should best consult her own comfort and the peace of the household by doing the necessary work of her apartments herself. A worse affliction than scanty attendance was the ubiquitous presence of a mob of idle women, even in the private apartments of the princess.

I had often heard people talk of the mystery in the harem, and the difficulty there was in knowing what went on within the walls. This was true enough; but I soon observed there was no mystery amongst each other. What one knew (as a rule) everybody knew. The mistress was never alone; there was no place, however private, where her attendants could not penetrate. When visitors came, the chief slaves waited in the room, forming a semicircle at a slight distance, but within earshot. The only way to speak in private appeared to me to

be under cover of the band playing, when the noise was deafening and the voice could only be heard by the next neighbor. When a foreign language was spoken privacy was always ensured, and my dear little princess was not a little pleased at being able to talk to her husband, to Kopsès, and to me in French, which no one else understood; and to Kopsès and me also in English, which the prince did not understand.

A European lady once, when on a visit to another married daughter of the khedive, ventured, as respectfully as possible, to express her surprise that an Egyptian princess should "submit to such slavery as never to hear or speak anything without the same being carried through the whole household." The remonstrance produced a certain effect, for the princess gave orders that in future when she received any European visitor the slaves should remain in the ante-room.

Miss Chennels's efforts to induce her pupil to continue the habits of useful activity in which she had been trained were viewed with great disfavor by the officials of the household. When any visitor was announced, the *calfa* would hasten to remove all traces of needlework or other occupation, that the princess might be discovered, with her hands folded before her in the helpless attitude supposed to be appropriate to her rank. This woman and the other head slaves seem to have done their utmost to win the princess to their side; and it is not surprising that a mere child (she was only fifteen at the time of her marriage), surrounded by an atmosphere of servile adulation, and having no other prospect than that of passing her life in the seclusion of the harem, should have yielded at first to the enervating influences with which she was encompassed. For some time she seemed to be entirely under the sway of her principal domestics, and the extent to which she conformed to the slothful and self-indulgent habits of those about her caused a good deal of anxiety to her English friend. Fortunately, soon after her marriage, she went to visit her sister-in-law, the wife of Hussein Pasha. She found her

active-minded, cultured, full of intellectual and social interests, and capable of entering intelligently into her husband's pursuits. She heard her brother express his great satisfaction that his father had bestowed upon him an educated wife, and not a mere doll. Her ambition was aroused; she resumed her reading and habits of occupation, much to her own benefit and the satisfaction of her instructress.

Miss Chennels draws a very winning picture of the girl-wife gradually awakening to her responsibilities and duties :

Her character was becoming more formed ; there was more decision, and she was beginning to assert herself as mistress, but no further than was just and right. She had at first been so much under the influence of her head slaves and eunuchs that her orders were not obeyed, unless entirely in accordance with their wishes. Gradually, however, this began to change. I remember one day the wife of the English consul-general told me that she had been to call on the princess, that at the outer gate the eunuchs had rudely told her servant to get down from the box, without coming in themselves to announce her and assist her out of the carriage; that she had got out and gone into the harem alone; and had then been told that the princess was out. I repeated this to the princess, and at the same time mentioned two or three instances of disrespect to myself, which I said, in the position in which I then was, reflected on her. We were walking about in the garden then, and she immediately sent for all the eunuchs, and repeated to them what I had told her. The head eunuch was about to interrupt, but she held up her hand, and, with great dignity, proceeded to tell them that every visitor who came to her was to be treated with respect; that she was mistress, and the sole judge of who was to be admitted, and that they were there to receive orders, and not to give them.

We are informed that this assertion of rightful prerogative was attended with the best effects.

She had the charm of an unselfishness, rare at all times, but almost phenomenal in her circumstances. "Her anxiety to do right was very marked," her friend tells us. One Thursday evening the princess said, referring to the stipulation which had been made

that Miss Chennels should have her Fridays to herself, "O, je m'ennuie, je m'ennuie, mais je ne m'ennuie pas autant quand vous êtes avec moi." This outcry of the poor girl, in which one hears the voice of nature itself protesting against the tyranny which compelled her to a hopeless imprisonment, touched Miss Chennels so much that she at once offered to sacrifice her holiday in order to keep the princess company. The offer was gratefully accepted, and on the following Thursday Miss Chennels renewed her proposal. This time, however, the princess decidedly refused. "No," she said; "you are accustomed to liberty, and have no recreation but what you meet with among friends on Fridays and Sundays. It would not do for you to miss that."

It was not long after this incident that the harem gates opened to let her pass upon that journey from which there is no returning. Miss Chennels fell ill with the fever incident to the climate, and had left the harem a few days for change of air, when she heard that the princess was attacked with an affection of the throat to which she was subject. She went to see her and found her suffering much, but not as she imagined dangerously ill. The disease, however, developed into typhoid fever and in a terribly short time all was over.

The princess was only sixteen when she died. Her young husband, who idolized her, was travelling in Europe at the time. The news was kept from him till his return, and when he heard it at last the shock to him was so great that his attendants feared for his reason. Kopsès, her life-long companion and friend, remained in close attendance on the bereaved mother, who retired after the princess's death into the strictest seclusion. Ismail Pasha, who, whatever may be thought of him in other respects, seems to have been a fond and careful father, was deeply affected by her loss. "He was often seen in the intervals of business with his eyes full of tears and fixed on the ground." He said once to a friend :

"She was the light of my eyes ; she had a better influence over me than any one else, and that I ascribe entirely to the excellent English training she had for so many years."

What would have been the result, so far as the status of Egyptian women is concerned, if the princess had lived to recommend by her influence and example greater freedom, wider interests, a more liberal culture ? There is nothing more fascinating than such speculations, and nothing more useless. Her death, untimely and lamentable though it was, could not greatly retard that movement in favor of the emancipation of women which has now been fairly set on foot, and which the spread of enlightenment in Egypt under the influence of Western manners and ideas cannot fail to accelerate.

From The Saturday Review.
WHIST!

WHAT is more noisome than noise ? A constant source of delight to the savage and the infant, it is distracting to the sensitive ear.

Some minds by nature are averse to noise, And hate the tumult half the world enjoys, wrote Cowper in "Retirement." Poor Mr. Carlyle made Chelsea vocable with his complaints of it. His truly greatest aspiration long was to get away, away, where he would be free of his unendurable, intolerable sufferings from noises ; and so recover a little health. Herein he had with him one he recked little of — Schopenhauer — who blessed and envied the American followers of the English Anna Lee (*ribaldé* Shakers) for their rule of avoiding all needless racket, such as household clattering, whip-cracking — the French *automédon's* ideal of perfect driving — the slamming of doors, and even loud talking. In Cotgrave's time (1611) the French *noise* — whence ours — meant "a brabble, brawl, debate," as well as a sound : —

Grand chercheur de noise,
C'est le seigneur d'Amboise,

alias le brave Bussy. "The English Rogue" (1668) feelingly describes a crew of canting beggars, and says they made such a confused noyse with their gabbling that the melody of a dozen oyster-wives at Billingsgate, the scolding at ten conduits, and the gossipings of fifteen bake-houses were not comparable unto it. This bears out Cotgrave, though the French *noise* meant very early shouting and uproar. Gossiping was a word too beggarly for Wordsworth, who would have it more statelier as "personal talk." Better, quoth he : —

Better than such discourse doth silence —
Long barren silence — square with my desire.

And to go back to the "Rogue" — for that Richard Head was a noticeable man enough in his way — nothing more recommends a man than a silent tongue, a fair, complacential carriage, and a faithful heart. This, however, was put into the mouth of a sneaking *picaron*, and *Stille Wasser gründen tief*, as well as our own form of it, carries a bad, unpleasant sense with it — a sense of possible danger to him who watches deepness in another. Indeed, when well examined, most of the stock phrases in praise of silence turn out to belong to the score of the second fiddle. "Que faut-il donc faire ?" said Pangloss. "Te taire," said the Moslem dervish, in a land of despotism. Xenocrates is credited with the saying that he had often been sorry he spoke, but never that he held his tongue ; and Phryne did not think too much of Xenocrates. Silence is a gold Mohur, speech but a falling rupee, is a motto of the oppressed. Another, a Corean one, is, "Speech has no legs, yet it travels thousands and thousands of *li*." "I don't know" is one word, say the Chinese Tartars, "I know" is ten, because it leads on to further harrying. If the hen didn't cackle, no one would know she had laid an egg ; and there-
 ant one never ceases wondering why French prisoners will persist in answering their bullying judges, who still keep up the old traditions of the stool

of torture in everything but the instruments thereof. Silent as the grave ceased to be true since modern chemistry has studied poisons.

A still tongue makes a wise head. But does it, though? It oftener makes a foolish one pass in a crowd; and one Goldsmith talked like poor Poll. The plain man's view of the matter is better stated as

Heureux celui qui parle bien, et qui sait bien se taire.

Carlyle's "doctrine of the greatness and fruitfulness of Silence" remained a mere vociferation for John Sterling. "Yes, truly," he would say, "if you be allowed to proclaim quiet by cannon-salvoes." The "Rejected Addresses" had the same idea long ago:—

He who in quest of silence "Silence!" hoots,

Is apt to make the bubbub he imputes.

As Mazzini (and Mrs. Carlyle) neatly said of redoubting Thomas, he loved silence platonically—he "with such a gift to speak," as he would inconsistently boast.

Least said soonest mended is all very well as a copy-line, so far as it goes; but listen to the oldest Parliamentary tongues, that never told a lie (as they say in the nursery); the more they talk, the less they say. Language spouts forth to overwhelm and smother thought—not merely to disguise it, as Talleyrand and Voltaire (*Dialogue du Chapon et de la Poularde*) said; or to conceal our wants, as Goldsmith said in "The Bee" of 20th October, 1759; or for all uses except the indication of the mind, as Swift had it. And to go on in emarginating, this idea is currently reported to be also in a couplet of Young's, somewhere. But we might go back a good deal further than any of these, to a saying put into the mouth of Apollonius of Tyana; that if Palamedes invented letters, it was not only that mankind might be enabled to transmit what they wrote, but also to refrain from writing what should not be transmitted. This would have made an excellent motto for the volumes of Talleyrand's own "Mémoires."

The gift of speech, said another apostle of abstinence, is middling good, but the gift of speeches is the devil and all. And the tale about the Athenians giving Demosthenes a pension to hold his tongue is pleasing. Darwin, to whom one does not mechanically turn for a good story, has a tolerable one about "a small dinner-party, given in honor of an extremely shy man, who, when he rose to return thanks, rehearsed his speech, which he had evidently learnt by heart, in absolute silence; and did not utter one single word of it, though he gesticulated as if he had been speaking with much emphasis." If we wanted an apt quotation here, we might turn to the nervous Cowper's "Conversation," and the lines:—

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

Or, as Boileau pumice-stoned it:—

Souvent la peur d'un mal nous conduit
dans un pire.

Ménage's intimate friend, Emery Bigot, was an instance of silence carried almost to muteness. He spoke so very little that he never by any chance mentioned what he was going to do. "Le secret d'être ennuyeux, c'est de tout dire," wrote Voltaire long afterwards. Bigot made up for it by being a terrible slogger at cataloguing in the Greek.

Darwin's anecdote ought for the future to be leashed and slipped with Pope's:—

There lived in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate.

One of the least concealed of our English nuisances is the "noise of music." Truly is "this isle full of noises and sounds," which are by no means "sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." There is no glozing of this over, no hushing it up, in a land of marrow-bones and cleavers, and salvation by brass band. When Queen Bess entered London in 1558, "a noise of instruments" stood on a richly furnished scaffold "near unto

Fanchurch," and as her Grace passed by the Conduit—how oddly this strikes in with the scolding a while ago—there was "a noise of loud instruments upon the top thereof." Sneak's noise (or band) was affectioned by Mistress Tearsheet; and some similar damsel in "The English Rogue" "sent for a noise of Musick, ordering them to play in the next room." The loud noise—source of constant delight to the savage—is here indisputably the leading indication, and not the melody, unhappily. The power of the instruments, and the power of lung and elbow with which they are sawed and blown and banged to ear-bursting, form the dear pastime of all concerned. A leading note of maladroitness, said Schopenhauer—it is not often we quote him twice in a column—is to be found in the meaningless runs and flourishes of bad music, with its clangor, which aims at nothing but noise. The protest against it is ever so old. "What you talk about is music," said the Confucian disciple Shang, "but what you like is noise!"

The noises of certain domesticated birds are as bad as the "cruel clarions," and ought to be pursued by penal laws. Macaw and manslaughter, crime and canary bird, should go together in the code, and be tried by a jury of annoyance. Consider Carlyle's pictures (by Mrs. Carlyle) with "the only son's pet bantam-cock," or the screeching parrot in the next garden. "At last he fairly sprang to his feet, declaring he could 'neither think nor live!'" This particular sage's reading did not take him too far East, otherwise he could have extracted grim consolation from the Vedas:—

Put to death, O, Indra, the ass that brays distractedly!

Kill everything that makes a din! curse the crowing-demon!

"The bird of the yard, the cock, crows! Oh, the pity that the birds should scream! Oh, these birds! I could beat them till they were sick!" sings a naive but divine lover to his love, in the ancient Japanese *Kojiki*.

To the Sanskrit, also, we seem to be driven for the much-canvassed origin of the word *noise*, which, in their noxious way, the etymologists will insist upon separating from *noisome*, nuisance, noxious, and annoy. The nearest hit, as yet, is perhaps the Sanskrit *nas*, to destroy.

But soft! "After ianglyng words cometh huishte;" and let it come upon a few restful phrasings of the beautiful holiness of peace.

And such the stillness of the house (says Wordsworth's dainty picture in "The Wagoner")

You might have heard a nibbling mouse. But he beat himself easily in the "Evening Walk," with that lulling line:—

Air listens like the sleeping water, still. 'Tis pity to cap it with a Chinese verse: The peach-blossoms, and the plum's, are silent; yet is a path worn to the flowering-place.

JEWS IN ENGLAND.—An interesting work by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson entitled "Victoria, Queen and Empress," recently published by Mr. Heinemann, contains a curious allusion to contrasted conditions of the Jews in England under the two successive reigns of William IV. and her present Majesty. In the first volume, in the chapter "From Proclamation to Coronation," the following passage occurs: "In accordance with precedent, her Majesty expressed her satisfaction with the civic welcome by conferring a baronetcy on the lord mayor, and knighthood on each of the two sheriffs, one of whom was Mr. Montefiore, the first Jew to be knighted by an English sovereign since the re-admission of Jews to England in the seventeenth century. The distinction thus accorded to a son of Israel, whose subsequent career was one long demonstration of his knightly worth, may be regarded as the point at which the English Jews passed from social discredit to their present equality with their fellow citizens of the Christian faith. So late as August, 1835, when Dr. Allen appeared before him to do homage for the See of Ely, William IV. was pleased to remark for the

new bishop, 'My lord, I do not mean to interfere in any way with your vote in Parliament except on one subject, the Jews, and I trust I may depend on your always voting against them ;' and now, in the autumn of 1837, the king's successor was laying a sword on a Jew's shoulder, and bidding him rise 'Sir Moses Montefiore.' Since her Majesty's regnal year things have gone so well with Israel in England that they hold the honor of knighthood full cheap." We may supplement these remarks with the observation that during the long period which has elapsed since the queen's accession, the number of Jewish knights whom her Majesty has created, including those who were knighted in their civic capacity as sheriffs, only amounts to ten. In other words, had they all lived simultaneously, there would have been a knightly Minyan.

Jewish Chronicle.

INCREASED STRINGENCY IN THE RUSSIAN PUBLIC HEALTH LAWS. — The Russian correspondent of the *Lancet* writes : "A new law has just been promulgated increasing greatly the severity of the punishments for infractions of the laws relating to public health. A few of the changes may be quoted : Offences against the law relating to the prevention of epidemic and infectious diseases have hitherto been punishable by not more than one month's imprisonment or one hundred roubles (say £10) fine. These maxima are now raised to three months' imprisonment and three hundred roubles fine respectively. The law was formerly only applicable to offences committed during an epidemic ; it will now apply equally when there is no acknowledged epidemic. Concealment of the existence of infectious disease is now punishable by a fine of one hundred roubles. Wilful pollution of sources of water supply has hitherto been punishable only by one week's imprisonment or twelve roubles fine. It may now be met with one month's imprisonment or one hundred roubles fine ; whilst if the pollution has rendered the water injurious to health the imprisonment and fine may be raised to three times these amounts. Similar increased stringency is shown by the new law against offences connected with the sale of food and drink and with regard to a number of other matters relating to public health."

From The National Review.
A GREY ROMANCE.

I.

THE February day was cold, and Mr. Falkland's chambers were large and desolate-looking. He had carefully read through his brief ; and it seemed to him that the result of the case was a foregone conclusion, that it would be mere waste of time to invent farther arguments concerning it. The clerks in the next room were busy with their work. Laughton, the solicitor, was not due till three o'clock. Mr. Falkland had nothing to do for the next hour ; so he fell to thinking of his neighbor. If he had been younger he might have fancied himself in love with her ; but he was forty-three, and old for his years. His hair had been scanty this long time ; he wore pince-nez ; and was not over careful about his clothes. Moreover, living alone had made him very silent ; and neuralgia, of which he had had many attacks, had given his face the gravity that is born of remembered pain. His manner was a little cold, a little official perhaps ; and, though he could warm up on occasions, he was never enthusiastic. His interest in life itself was only lukewarm ; for he felt that, though its work was real enough, and occasionally even absorbing, its pleasures were but so-so ; they were not keen, or he had outlived their keenness ; at best they were merely restful. A leisurely climb up a minor Swiss mountain, or a long walk across a stretching moor, was worth doing if the wind were not too cutting, nor the sky too grey ; though greyness was the generic conception he had of most things. A quiet smoke in his own flat was fairly comforting ; only it led to nothing, and the drowsy hours infected him with what he almost feared to call stupidity. Sometimes during the last year it had occurred to him that he would move away from the flat, that he had been living there too long, that things had got into too deep a groove, that the atmosphere had become too monotonous. He knew every book on the shelves, and the position to an inch in which every chair should stand ; he

had noticed a hundred times the faded patches on the Turkey carpet in the dining-room, and the chips — though they were every one turned out of sight — in the bits of china on the old-fashioned cabinet in the drawing-room, a drawing-room that was study and smoking-room as well, and a cosy den enough for a man living alone — till he tired of it. He had, besides the flat, a couple of rooms at Wargrave. Time was when he used to think it amusing to hang about the river ; but all that was over, and the men he had known were married, or had drifted. Jack Barlow had been the last of the set ; the Rev. John Barlow he was now, and incumbent of a picturesque parish in Dorsetshire. Poor old Jack ! he married such a pretty woman ; but there had been something wrong about it, and when she died, five years later, Mr. Falkland had felt that it was not an event to provoke condolences. Jack had been a widower ever since ; and each year, when he came up to London, to see the Academy or to hear a little music, he looked more and more contented with his lot. It was long years now since the river days. Mr. Falkland wondered why he had kept on the rooms. He had gone to them only once last summer, and they had depressed him horribly.

He told himself that it would be an excellent thing to make a radical change in his life. He had half a mind to give up both the rooms at Wargrave and the flat at Kensington, and to take a house nearer town and his club, or one a little farther off — at Richmond, for instance. Then he hesitated. There was his neighbor. If he moved from the flat he might not see her again. He never paid calls, and seldom dined out ; but he had got into the habit of seeing her frequently ; it was altogether different from going into society. It was quite odd how much he thought of her ; he liked to think of her smile, and the two rows of little white teeth she displayed. She must be lonely, too, sometimes, he thought, living by herself in the flat above his, with not another soul save the old Frenchwoman who cooked and

did everything for her. He liked the old Frenchwoman too ; she was as lively as her mistress. It often took a great screwing up of his courage to mount the stairs between his flat, on the first floor, and hers, on the second, to knock — the little brass knocker was as bright as gold — and ask if Miss Glenny were at home ; but the good soul always beamed all over her wrinkled face while she answered in her queer mixture of French and English : “*Oui, Monsieur, Mademoiselle est chez elle.*” She will be charmed to see Monsieur.” Or she would regretfully shake her head and her voice would become quite sympathetic while she announced, “*Ah no, Monsieur, Mademoiselle is gone out ; she will be very sorry.*” Perhaps Monsieur will come some other day, and Mademoiselle will be at home, and then” — and she would stop abruptly.

Still, he thought it would be a good thing to live out of London. Richmond Hill was high and dry ; and sleeping in the fresh air every night might raise his spirits, perhaps even cure his neuralgia. He believed that he should do it if it were not for Miss Glenny ; he felt that it would somehow be unkind to go away ; he was certain that she would think it so, would count it almost a desertion. And then he wondered how old she was. Her manner was the self-possessed one of a woman half-way through life ; but there were times when she did not look more than eight-and-twenty. He thought she must be five-and-thirty, anyhow ; for she had a younger sister who had been on a visit to her lately, looked seven-and-thirty, and was the mother of six children. It took a woman some years to be the mother of six children, especially when the eldest was fifteen. The sister was a widow, and lived in Germany — educating her children with a view to the accomplishments rather than solidity of learning ; a course which, he had noticed, very matter-of-fact women often pursued in regard to their children, probably unaware that in doing so they were helping a result that was almost inevitable.

"Mr. Laughton, sir," the clerk said. A well-known solicitor entered and Miss Glenny was forgotten. The winter day was closing in before he had time to think of her again.

He walked back from Lincoln's Inn to Kensington—a little slowly, for he wanted to think over that brief. After all, there was more in it than he had seen at first. Laughton had put him up to a line of defence for the other side on which he had not reckoned; he wondered that he had not seen the possibility of it.

It was almost dark as he went past the Albert Hall, and Hyde Park Gate, towards Kensington High Street. At the beginning of the line of shops he looked up at the quaint signs that hang out here and there to make believe that progress has not wholly blotted out the picturesque side of commerce. There was an old furniture shop. He had bought a card-table at it once; but the men who might have played a rubber had vanished from his ken. It perplexed him sometimes when he realized how lonely he was at an age that most men count to be their prime. He literally did not know a dozen people in London in their own homes. There were the Gilbertsons and the Westfields; he dined with them twice a year, and there were some cousins on whom he called now and then, because they were relations, and he felt that relationship involved a certain amount of irksome duty.

A few doors beyond the furniture shop there was a florist's; and outside, on a wooden stool, close up against the doorway, was a bowl of early spring flowers. A woman in a tight-fitting cloth jacket and a wide-brimmed hat stood by it. She was not very tall; but she was slim and graceful. She held a bunch of flowers in her hand, and while the boy went to get some change, thinking perhaps that in the twilight no one could see her, she raised them to her lips. He stopped and looked in at the furniture shop till she had gone on again. He did not want to overtake her—he was not in a humor for talk; but he followed her half

curiously, half fascinated. Her gait was easy and graceful, like that of a woman who has walked much in early youth; and it had a little swing in it, a rhythm that suggested the impossibility of her clothes being any sort of hindrance to her; though, at least, so far as he could judge, she was well dressed. He was quite close behind her for some minutes; but in the darkness she did not notice him. She brought back visions of his youth; a smile came to his lips; and for a little space he walked in a different world.

"She must have been a girl ten—fifteen—years ago. She walks like a girl now, and like one who was brought up in the country to the tune of outdoor games and exercises. I wish I had known her then."

She walked a little faster. He did not quicken his own pace, but watched her as she curved in-and-out among the people she passed, till he lost sight of her. A shadow seemed to follow him as he had followed the woman. By the time he reached the entrance to the flats it had wrapped him round, till all things seemed impossible. He mounted the stairs listlessly; thinking that after dinner he would have one of the long, dreamy smokes that brought a welcome indistinctness. Then behind him came footsteps softer and swifter than his own. He knew perfectly whose they were. Probably she had stopped somewhere after he had lost sight of her, and so enabled him to arrive first.

"Have you been taking a walk, Miss Glenny?" As he spoke the gloom vanished from his face, and while he looked at her a quiet satisfaction stole into his heart.

"Yes," she answered, in a cheery voice that had always, somehow, a suggestion of out-of-dooriness about it. "I have been a long, long way to see some friends; and these flowers are my reward." She held them out for a moment, as if he had not seen them, and stopped for a moment beneath the lamp by his door.

"For what?"

"For bearing the winter patiently, and not hurrying away from the dark-

ness of London to any other in the world that has a little sunshine. But you look so tired, Mr. Falkland. Have you walked far?"

"No; only from Lincoln's Inn Fields." Wild tigers would not have made George Falkland own to a woman that he was tired.

"Come up-stairs and have a cup of tea? Marie will have it ready."

"The invaluable Marie," he said, with a little smile; and hesitated. "Snoxall — my man — does not indulge me with afternoon tea."

"A Frenchwoman encourages all one's weaknesses."

"I will have one of mine encouraged;" and he walked up beside her.

"Ah!" There was a little triumph in her voice; he felt (and it rested him to feel it) that for the next half-hour at least she had taken possession of him. She entered with a latch-key; and he followed her into the drawing-room, a cheery room with a bright fire. A copper kettle gave out a pleasant sound; beside the fireplace was a little tea-table. Marie opened the door and looked in.

"Ah! Mademoiselle and Monsieur Falkland. That is good. Mademoiselle and Monsieur shall have tea instantly." It struck Mr. Falkland that Marie thought it quite natural to see them together, and the idea amused him. Miss Glenny opened a little old-fashioned caddy, and some buttered toast was brought in. He felt rested in five minutes.

"I ought to be very grateful to Mrs. Gilbertson," he said. "If she had not asked me to meet you that night I should have been down-stairs now trying to smoke away my loneliness."

"I felt quite excited when I walked into the room and saw you," she answered. "We had passed so many times on the stairs, and I had been grateful to you for raising your hat as you went by; Englishmen are so often afraid or ashamed of being polite. I had known you by sight for three or four months before we met."

"I had known you much longer. I used to look up at your windows last

winter, when I came back in the evening, to see if your lamp were lighted, for then I knew that you were at home." He had not meant anything by his words; but he could not help seeing that she poured out the tea a little awkwardly, as though she were a girl, and had become suddenly shy. He looked at her, puzzled; but he saw, even by the white-shaded lamp, that there were lines about her mouth and eyes, and on one side of her dark hair a little tuft of grey. "I remember," he went on, "seeing you arrive one morning last summer as if from a journey. There was a big box with foreign labels upon it on the top of the four-wheeler."

"That was when I came from Normandy. I go abroad every year."

"Alone?"

"Yes." He fancied that there was a little sadness in her voice, but her next words belied it. "I always go alone for my holidays. I feel so free alone. And I never worry myself with a circular ticket or a thought-out tour," she went on suddenly, "but start with the remembrances of the places I want to see, and a railway ticket to one of them; fate and chance do the rest. That very feminine-looking trunk you saw on the cab is designed to hold everything a woman can possibly want; so that if I start for a short journey I can change my mind and go a long one. It is generally shot into space at the end of a week, and picked up after long days, looking very lonely, at some strange railway station. What do you do for a holiday? But a man can go to the far ends of the earth; there is no pleasure like travel."

"You will think my method very tame. I generally take myself and a cartload of books to some lonely country inn, and amuse myself with long walks and the silence."

"And you like that?" A little neuralgia shot through him, and made his voice pathetic, as he answered, —

"I have to like it."

She looked at him questioningly for a moment, and then rang the bell. The Frenchwoman entered, beaming on Mr. Falkland, as if to give him courage.

"Marie," Miss Glenny said, "fill the yellow pot with water, and bring it here; I want to put these flowers into it."

She arranged the flowers carefully, and put them on a little square table that was almost covered with silver nick-nacks. Mr. Falkland watched her. He had nothing of that sort in his rooms. How strange it would be to have a home, and a table with silver nick-nacks and flowers and yellow pots on it, and to find a woman, in a soft woollen dress with a silken lining that rustled a little as she walked, waiting for him when he came back from his work. Miss Glenny sat down by the fireplace again, and took up the thread of their talk. "Why do you have to like it?" she asked.

"I have no belongings at all," he answered hurriedly, "and my friends are scattered far and wide —"

"Like the graves of the children, in the poem," she said, between a smile and a sigh. "Why, we are both orphans and waifs, Mr. Falkland. For I have only a sister — a dear sister," she added affectionately, — "and she is in Germany."

"I have not even a sister," he answered. "But you said you liked a holiday alone; do you like living alone too?"

"Oh, yes; I have the wisdom to like what has to be."

"It must be harder on a woman than on a man."

"Oh, perhaps," she said abruptly. "Talk to me about your work. Do you remember telling me about that trial a month ago in which you held the junior brief? The next day I felt almost as if I were in court listening to every word you said!"

"Perhaps you would be interested in a case I had to-day; but it is getting late, and Snoxall will think I am not coming home." He got up, and stood half-hesitating. "I wonder," he said, "if you would let me come up presently for an hour after dinner? Then I might tell you about the case if you would care —"

"I should," she said simply. "Come up, after dinner."

II.

HE went up many evenings after dinner during the next month, and found it to be a better time than the tea hour. It was very home-like to sit there in his slippers looking at a woman's face on the other side of the fire. Gradually he learnt a good deal about her; and he told her, mostly in stray sentences, a good deal about himself. She always worked while she listened — not that they talked much (hardly at all) concerning general matters. But he disliked very talkative women. He was content to look at her, to make little remarks now and then, and to feel that she liked him to be there, for he did feel that she liked it; even Marie, as she opened the door to him, always put a little sigh of content into her "Ah! it is Monsieur," of greeting. Sometimes he wished he might smoke; but she never proposed it, and a little shyness always hung about him, so that he would not have dared to ask her leave. And sometimes he wished that, after all, she sewed less and sat over the fire oftener in dreamy silence, as he did; it would have been more companionable. But the clicking of her needle was pleasant, and the sight of the various things she made for the nephews and nieces in Germany gave her a womanly touch that sent his thoughts back to the days of his own childhood. It gave him a far-away feeling, too; for there was no part of his life in which children had a share, and he always felt a little contemptuous concerning feminine garments. He would have liked if he and she had had some pursuits in common, though neither of them was made for many pursuits. As it was they sat there apart, a man and woman who looked at each other.

He often wondered how she managed to be so cheerful, for she appeared to have no relations in England, and but few friends. Now and then she went to Mrs. Gilbertson's; but this seemed to be her only dissipation — save when, once a year, she broke loose like a bird from its cage and wandered about in foreign parts for two or three of the summer months. Once it occurred to

him that she might like to go to a theatre. He disliked plays himself, and most things ostensibly done for amusement; but he thought it might please her, and that it would be pleasant to take her, if she would go with him. He proposed it half dubiously. She shook her head.

"It's very ungrateful of me; but I would rather stay at home. I am a domesticated creature,"—she laughed, hurrying her stitches, while she spoke,—"and like my nest. And when I do go out I like it to be for a run in the open; it seems absurd to go from one covered place to another covered place unless the cover is made of green leaves."

"And couldn't we manage that for an hour or two?"

"We should have to go very far," she said wisely, shaking her head, and not raising her eyes from her work. "There are only bare branches and brown twigs in London at this time of year. Stay—have you seen the crocuses and snowdrops in the Park?"

"No; I generally come back by the highroad. I am always alone, and never thought of the Park." They were silent. A quarter of an hour went by before either of them spoke again. Then she looked up, and spoke doubtfully:—

"Once or twice lately I have thought that I should like to go and live in the country." He was almost startled. She went on apologetically. "I don't want to leave my little flat, and—and I should miss our evenings; but you can breathe freely when the houses are not crowded up round you, and when the trees stand up straight and tall,—you will think me a romantic old woman."

"Old? You seem to me so young."

"Look at my tuft of grey hair," she laughed, "and at all the crow's-feet on my face. Oh, I am old, very old; only, I have the restless spirit of a bird, that gives me a feeling of youth and longing to break away. But I am old," she repeated, this time with a sigh. "Why, I am thirty-seven. Soon I shall be thirty-eight." She stuck her needle in

her work, and seemed afraid to pull it out.

"I am nearly forty-four."

"Ah! but you are a man, and may indulge in years with impunity." He deliberated for a minute.

"So may a woman if—if—well, you know, it doesn't make any difference to the people who care about her. Men who are not young themselves never know what to talk about to girls."

"That is what they always say to women of my age." They were silent again for a minute or two; he looking into the fire, and she going on with her sewing. Presently he got up to go, but lingered a moment by the fireplace. The clock struck ten.

"It is getting late," she said.

"I am afraid it is," he answered, with a little regret in his voice. "I wonder," he went on, "if you would show me the crocuses, since you won't go to a theatre? We might meet out in the open, as you call it,—by the Marble Arch, perhaps,—and walk home across the Park together." She sewed industriously, and did not say a word. "We never walked a mile together; yet you never feel you are intimate with another man till you have walked beside him. If you like him at all, your friendship grows insensibly with every yard you go. I don't know how it is with a woman, of course." He saw the color come to her face and vanish before he went on, speaking hurriedly: "I followed you one night earlier in the winter—that night you bought the flowers and I came in and had tea with you. I imagined then how you would look in the country; you went along with such a free, quick step."

"For an old woman."

"If you say that you will force me to remember my own years. I don't see why we need chalk them up on the wall before us." He held out his hand. "Are we going to have the walk?"

"Yes; if you like," she said.

When he had gone she sat over the fire, and was content.

They met next day on the left-hand side of Oxford Street, and walked

towards the Park together—a sedate-looking couple; they might have been married a good fifteen years. She wore a bonnet and a veil arranged with great precision, and a cloak that made her look fashionable.

He realized that she had put on her best garments for him.

It seemed natural, and yet it was strange, to be walking beside her. As usual, they did not talk much, and they almost forgot to look at the crocus beds. The twilight fell softly everywhere. It seemed appropriate.

“It’s good not to see too clearly into the distance,—it makes you feel as if you were crossing a great plain that stretched on indefinitely,” she said. “The Park is wide enough to suggest one in this light, and we might be going on and on to the sea, or the mountains, or the world’s end. Oh, it is lovely, to walk over the green and under the sky and to breathe freely. Don’t you often long to be a thousand miles from a town?”

“No,” he answered, with a little smile. “You see, I am terribly matter-of-fact. You are romantic.”

“I am afraid so”—she gave a little sigh—“and I am ashamed of it, as one is ashamed of many things after five-and-thirty. Don’t you wish our bodies were as good for wear and tear as our souls? Imagine some day not being able to walk, or only to drag yourself round a little garden; imagine being old and wizened, and thought ridiculous for doing the things to which the irresponsible part of you goaded you on. If we had only been like birds, able to fly away into space, and die at last alone on a topmost rock! Oh, don’t laugh at me for talking nonsense,” she went on. “I am very sorry; perhaps my last body was a bird’s, for I resent this cumbersome one so much. And the flat so often feels like a prison, and its little obligations like fetters.”

“Are you going to Normandy again this year?”

“I have not thought of it yet. Did you ever go to Eu?” she asked.

“No. Tell me about it.”

“I stayed there for a week last summer. The hotel was full of commercial travellers. They joked with the waitresses at dinner, and laughed, and told stories in loud voices. But there is an old château there, and a white and empty church. And there are little fiacres in the market-place; I used to drive to Tréport in one of them, and look at the sea, and back again and on into the forest for hours. There were endless roads through the forest. The driver used to turn half way round upon his seat, and tell me stories about the king who planted the trees; and how France was republican now, and had no kings at all, but still the forest remained. I remember feeling one day as if the whole place were enchanted and not a soul had walked there for a hundred years at least. And then, suddenly, we came to some cross-roads; and at the corner of one of them was a wooden sign-post on which was written up *Au bon lait*. It was quite a shock,” she laughed; “but we went on and came to a farm. It had a cherry orchard; the fruit was hanging ripe and red, and a little girl went up a queer wooden ladder and gathered fruit and threw it down; I caught it in my dress. It seemed as if the farm were the only habitation in the world; it was wonderful to be there, to have driven to it, to drive away along the endless forest roads again—only, they were not endless. It was like waking up from a dream to sit at the *table d’hôte* again that night while the commercial travellers told their stories.”

“And you were never lonely?”

“A bird on the wing generally flies apart. How quickly we have come home!”

He went in to tea again. Marie seemed to have expected him, for there were two cups put ready on the little table. Beside Miss Glenney’s chair was her work. She took it up when the tea had been carried away, and he felt as if every time she pulled her needle out she drew his life a little closer into hers.

“Do you really think of going to live in the country?”

"I don't know," she answered dreamily, intent upon her work. "Sometimes I doubt if I have the courage to get up and unmake this home and begin to make another. It is difficult to be much interested in things done only for oneself."

"I wish," he said slowly, "you would make a home for me."

"For you?" She looked up wonderingly.

"Yes; for me," he answered. "I want to go away too. I am tired of everything — except you. There is no one else in the world for me," he went on, in an odd, speculative voice that yet was trembling. "We both of us want to go away into the country, to make a new home — why shouldn't we make it together? I can't see why there should be two homes any longer instead of one." He stopped. She did not say a word; but her cheeks were burning, and her eyes were full of tears, and the hands she had clasped together over her work trembled. For she had grown fond of the man before her; but he, though he was earnest enough, was not one whit like a lover. She couldn't tell for the life of her whether he was pleading for her love or suggesting that they should keep house together on a strictly platonic basis, without any radical change in their relationship. There had always been something very platonic about him. If she had thought about it, she would never have dreamt of expecting passion from him; but he did not appear to be offering her even its apology, sentiment. "Why should not we be together always, as we are on these quiet evenings?" he went on, "and man and wife, instead of merely friends?"

"I have always been alone," she said in a low voice, looking down at her work; "it would be so strange." He was silent for a moment, as if casting about in his mind what to say.

"Should you mind the strangeness?"

"I don't know. It is so —"

"So what?" He took the work from her lap, and put it on the basket beside her, and pulled her gently towards him till she stood up and faced

him. "Of course, you may like somebody else better," he said; "or perhaps I am too dull and quiet, too neuralgic for you." She looked up quickly. There was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her brown eyes that made her look ten years younger.

"There is no one else; and how could the neuralgia make a difference?" she asked reproachfully.

"And do you think —"

"Oh, I don't know," she cried, almost passionately. He looked at her, puzzled.

"I wonder what your name is," he said. "I never called you anything but Miss Glenny." Then she laughed, and pulled her hands away.

"You don't even know my name, and yet you want to — to marry me. It is Margaret."

"That was my mother's name," he said, and went nearer to her — till her face almost touched his shoulder. "It makes me feel as if you would put up with me. Do you think you could?" She hesitated for a moment before she whispered: —

"Yes; I think so."

He looked at her in an odd, unbelieving manner; then put his arm round her neck and kissed her cheek.

"I almost think you care for me," he said.

"I do," she cried. "I do! I never cared for any one else in my whole life. I didn't believe it was true, or that I could —" She stopped as if unable to go on.

"My dear," he said slowly, "I don't understand why you should live all this time and then trouble yourself about me. But I am glad you do," he added, with almost a laugh. "Now we will do our moving together."

Miss Glenny sat over the fire for a long time that evening after he had gone down-stairs. It was very strange and unbelievable, she thought; but she felt happy, or, at any rate, content; and yet lurking deep down in the bottom of her heart there was just a little disappointment. Perhaps it was only that imagination and reality seldom meet each other with satisfaction.

III.

TWO or three months went by. They stared at their new experience of life a little blankly. The new relationship sat upon them awkwardly, though neither would have allowed that it was so. And a sort of re-action seemed to overtake them; as if, after being near together, they had naturally drawn apart. Mr. Falkland evidently felt himself unfitted for the rôle of lover, and essayed it in a very mild degree. He was neuralgic, too, as was usual with him in the spring, and found sleeping difficult without a sedative; and this affected his nerves. He spent three or four evenings in the week upstairs. On the other evenings she sat and listened, and when half past nine o'clock struck walked up and down to keep off her disappointment. The next morning she knew perfectly that he would send up a letter by Snoxall, enquiring after her health, regretting that he had not been able to appear the night before, and asking her leave to do so that evening. She always sent back a happy little note that was like the chirp of a bird; and went through the day looking forward with quiet pleasure to the evening. Sometimes he dined with her; but not very often, for when he did the time dragged a little, and vaguely they both knew it. Moreover, he was a trifle dyspeptic, and found that some of the dishes Marie prepared with much joy for his delectation did not agree with him so well as the plain roast mutton and milk pudding that Snoxall knew to be the best and safest food for him.

Their manner towards each other did not change much with their relationship. They called each other by their Christian names with a certain embarrassment on her side. When he arrived he held her hand a little more expressively than formerly and occasionally kissed her cheek, though this was by no means a matter of course. It became one on parting, which perhaps showed that in her society he warmed up a little. She sewed as industriously as ever; and, though he sometimes wonderingly called it the eternal work

to himself, he made no objection to it. They agreed not to make definite arrangements for their future till after their marriage, which was, of course, to take place in the long vacation. They would stay at some quiet place in England, and make their plans at leisure. She pleaded for a honeymoon abroad; but he told her that he was a bad sailor, and always avoided a crossing when he could; moreover, that foreign food disagreed with him, and that he required the long, monotonous holiday to brace him up for the winter's work. So she cheerfully pulled down the castle in the air she had built with thoughts of a honeymoon up the Rhine, and agreed with Mr. Falkland that the country place in England would be very nice.

He did not tell her much about his position or his affairs — not that he had any wish to conceal them; but it was one of his theories that a man should know everything concerning a woman, but concerning himself be reticent. As time went on he showed himself a little fidgety, though he was always gentle and courteous. And he grew just a shade masterful in his manner, unconsciously perhaps; asking her questions and advising her about the business details of her life; and into his advice and comments he put a little tone of authority that made her feel she was no longer a free woman. It would have been sweet enough if there had been compensations. It was sweet as it was at first; but gradually she learned, though she did not resent it, to feel just a little impatient; and the sense of disappointment that had dawned on the first night of her engagement came back. Once or twice she felt that he was beginning to regard her as a responsibility; one he had taken upon himself in a friendly fashion, yet accepted rather seriously. She thought it absurd to be so serious. Why couldn't he love her, and laugh sometimes, and be content? She was not old — certainly not old for him. She was at an age at which many women are loved well. Besides, the number of her years would always be less than his, and if

she were not very wise or intellectual she was pretty (with pleasant vanity, she knew it), and she was sweet and bright—the sort of woman many a man older than herself might have been foolish about, and for the foolishness she hungered and thirsted. She wanted to be told that he loved her, to be praised, and flattered a little bit, to be called by the names that other men, even middle-aged men, called the women they cared for, though the women too were middle-aged. She wanted to do little services for him—to wait upon him, to make things for him with her hands, to devise little surprises for him in her heart; above all, to castle-build with him about the future. But gradually all these longings and the unconscious hopes of which they were born died away, and there succeeded a restless feeling, an idea that while they sat between four walls it would always be the same. She thought of far-off places, and wished she could drag him to them—then it would be different. But there he sat—polite, discreet, and rather silent—the man with whom was written the history of her future. A vision of what that future would probably be like grew upon her—its monotony; its lack of freedom, of individuality; and (though she was far too loyal to own it even to herself) its dulness.

He talked to her about his work, sometimes; but his manner of doing so was different from that of the first days. It was done as if to educate her, or reluctantly, as if it bored him. Once or twice he hardly said a word during the whole evening; and she never dreamt that he felt ill and tired, for anything on her part that implied this he treated coldly. She almost learnt to think that he was free from the aches and wearinesses to which all mortal flesh is heir—simply because he so seldom would own to any knowledge of them. Thus it was borne in upon her slowly that there was no romance in this marriage, but that it would be almost of the nature of a business arrangement, a matter of expediency undertaken because it seemed

absurd that two lone people should each have a separate home when one would suffice. There were times when she felt that he looked at her a little ruefully; as though he had entered upon the present state of things too precipitately. She would have got up and set him free, but that her courage failed her and her compassion came in—for she felt that he must be more lonely than he realized. She meant to make his life better—he didn't know it; but it was going to be happier and brighter.

The day of the marriage drew near. The wedding was to be a very quiet one. They were to go back to the Gilbertsons to lunch after the ceremony. Mrs. Gilbertson had insisted on this, taking some little credit to herself for having brought them together. The Rev. John Barlow was coming up from his Dorsetshire vicarage to tie the knot.

"Jack doesn't believe in matrimony, I fear," Mr. Falkland said; "but we are such old friends that I felt he ought to see me through."

"Yes," and Miss Glenney looked up with the smile that had been rather rare lately; "I am glad he is to marry us. It will bind up your past with our future." He put his hand on hers for a moment, and looked at her affectionately. He was fond of her in his quiet way; but excitement was not in him. Moreover, the coming change in his life bothered him a good deal—perplexed and worried him. He did not like changes; he was not used to them; he was shy of attempting new things, of experiments; and sometimes he wondered why he had brought all this upon himself. He had thought of giving up the Wargrave rooms and his flat; but to think about a thing and to do it were different. He was essentially a contemplative man, and the thought that he was literally bringing about a revolution in his quiet life appalled him.

"I have got some trinkets for you," he said that evening; "but I will give them to you—afterwards. They belonged to my mother. I only thought of them to-day, when I was in Laugh-

ton's office looking over the settlement. Would you care to have them?"

"I should care for anything that you gave me," she answered; "and of course I shall value anything that was your mother's." He pushed back her hair when he wished her good-night, and kissed her forehead.

"My poor hair," she said ruefully; and looked in the glass at the little grey tuft.

"I like it," he said. "It makes me feel that we are a sober, sensible couple. I am afraid it is no use pretending that we are young. Good-night, dear." She was happier after that good-bye than she had been for some time.

Mr. Barlow arrived the morning before the marriage.

"Well, old man, here's the executioner," he said cheerily, when his friend met him at the station; and then he repented his words, for Mr. Falkland was looking dreadfully ill. He had not slept for two or three nights; and all the previous one he had lain awake realizing with ghastly clearness that for the rest of his days he was going to be bound to a woman who sat on the other side of a fireplace sewing, and that his movements, if they were not to be controlled by her, must, at any rate, be guided by considerations for her. It made his spirits horrible. Nothing did him any good but smoking, and his smoking days were virtually coming to an end. There would be no more long, drowsy evenings by the open window, or in the winter, beside the fire, with a lamp on the other side, and a book on his knee, and a pipe in his mouth. Then he discovered that, though she had a delightful smile, there was not much variety in her companionship. She was always and forever the same. There was no unexpectedness in her except in her longing to start off now and then to foreign lands; and this, he felt, was not a desirable peculiarity, since he preferred staying in his own country. It would all come right, he supposed; but last night, and this last day, the thought of the terrible togetherness of matrimony was like a

nightmare to him. Mr. Barlow's talk did not make him feel more lively.

"You don't look very fit, old man," he said. "Why did you do it? You have got on well enough without a wife all these years. What possessed you to tie yourself up to one now? You will never be able to kick off your shoes and leave them on the hearthrug again."

"You have not seen Margaret yet — she is very sensible."

"Sensible! Then your meals will become a mere waste of time; you will have to talk at them, instead of reading. Great mistake to marry a sensible woman. Better break it off while there is yet time, and find a merely pretty one you can snub into your own ways. Well, I am going to leave you now for the rest of the day. What time shall we meet this evening?"

"I thought we would dine together at the club."

"I would rather come to the flat, and have our bit of food together there for the last time. It will be quieter."

"All right," Mr. Falkland answered. "I will telegraph to Snoxall to be ready for us. Come early if you can. I should like to take you in to see Margaret."

"No; not to-night. I shall only turn up just in time for dinner, and not fit to pay my respects to a lady. Besides, I want you to myself for the last hours of your existence worth mentioning."

"I think she would like to see you."

"Not to-day. She will have plenty to do, and I hope to know her well in the future. Well, good-bye, old man. I wish you had been coming to Switzerland with me this autumn. A little climbing would have done you a world of good."

Mr. Falkland felt as he walked on that never before had there been so dreary a bridegroom. Then it struck him that this depression was all caused by the accursed neuralgia and sleeplessness. A doctor might have put him to rights with a few tonics, sufficiently, at any rate, to make him a less dreary companion for the next fortnight. It might not be too late even

now. He stopped a hansom and drove to Harley Street.

The doctor was at home. He did not appear to think that much was the matter with Mr. Falkland.

"You want a change," he said. "If you could go abroad for a month or two, with a cheerful companion of your own sex, you would probably find yourself quite well again."

"I have been making arrangements to live in the country and to come up every day."

"A mistake," the doctor answered decisively. "You will find the wear and tear of the daily journey try you a good deal, and the dead leaves and monotony of the country in winter will depress you. London is the best place for a temperament like yours."

"I am going to marry," Mr. Falkland said, half hesitating.

"Humph!"

"Or I might have gone to Switzerland with an old friend this autumn."

"That would have been excellent — far better than marriage."

"It is too late to put it off," Mr. Falkland said; and felt bewildered as he walked away. For if he was not to live in the country, why was he doing it at all? It was because Miss Glenny — because they both — had wanted to get away from London that they had agreed to marry. But, if he was forced to stay in London, naturally she must do so too; and she might be sorry. It was very puzzling. He felt as if he were selling his freedom for a mess of pottage; worse — as if, for no reason at all, he were giving himself to a gaoler, a gentle, kindly one, but still a gaoler, who would hold the key that made his life a prison. But it was too late to alter things. The marriage must go on. He determined not to tell her what the doctor had said, lest he should make her uncomfortable. But he felt strongly that this was beguiling her into marriage under false pretences, and entering upon it himself under conditions for which he had not bargained.

He went to tea alone with her for

the last time. As if fate were determined to pile things up, something had gone wrong of a business nature in the afternoon, and added to his worry. He knew that he ought to be in London for the next day or two, and going away on a honeymoon was inconvenient. It made him quietly impatient even to think of it. But he felt that it would be so discourteous to her to put it off, and he hated discourtesy. So he did not say a word to Miss Glenny about the matters that were troubling him; but his manner was preoccupied and abrupt, and, though she tried not to show it, she was hurt. It was almost a relief when he rose to go. Then she struggled with the situation.

"George," she said, "my dress came home this afternoon. It looks subdued and proper — a sober grey silk for your spinster of sober years turned bride."

"That's right," he said; and looked at her absently through his pince-nez. There was no enthusiasm in his voice:

"Is Mr. Barlow coming to see me this evening?"

"No; he thought you might like to be left alone." Perhaps his voice betrayed something; for she asked quickly: —

"Is he sorry that you are going to be married?"

"He didn't say so," Mr. Falkland answered cautiously; "but it would be natural, I suppose. He had had an idea that we — he and I — might have gone to Switzerland this autumn and done some climbing."

"You told me you didn't like going abroad," she said, with something like dismay.

"Not your sort of going abroad," he answered. "We should have smoked and walked all day."

"I could walk all day, and should like it."

"Two men get about better." The clock on the mantelpiece struck seven. "Look here; I must be off. That old chap will be back soon." His face lighted up as he spoke of his friend. "I dare say we shall talk half through the night."

"We never talk very much," she said. He hesitated for a moment, as if puzzled.

"He and I have been friends so long — and — well, I think two men have always more to say to each other than a man and a woman. They have more things in common." He looked at the clock as he spoke, as if anxious to get away. Then suddenly she put out her hands to him.

"George," she said, "are you sure that you want to be married — that you care about me? I am not very happy," she added piteously; and the tears came into her eyes.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, surprised and afraid lest she were going to make a scene.

"Nothing — nothing," she said; and his calmness made her ashamed of her vehemence. "Only, sometimes I think we are making a mistake — that we should have been wiser to have gone on living in our respective flats, or in two cottages in the country a little apart from each other — just seeing each other sometimes, as we did last winter." He looked at her wonderingly. Was she, too, repenting?

"It'll be better to go through with it now," he said, as much to himself as to her. "I dare say it will be all right."

"It would be better to break it off, even now, if —"

"No" — but there was a little hesitation in his voice — "No; we are not children. We shall get along all right, I expect."

"Some one have arrived for Monsieur," Marie said, entering. "Monsieur Snoxall want to tell you —"

"I am coming," he said quickly. He seemed thankful for the chance given him to escape. He shook hands with Margaret, and then, as if on second thoughts, kissed her hurriedly, and went down-stairs.

When he had gone she realized that she had said good-bye to him for the last time — that to-morrow would be their wedding-day. He had forgotten to say anything tender about it. She remembered the night before her sister

was married. The bridegroom had to go back to the country inn at which he was staying. Before he started he and her sister had stood in the moonlight for a moment outside the little door that opened on to a short cut across the field. "Good-bye, my darling," that lover had said; "it will never be good-bye any more;" and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and did not care one single straw whether Margaret witnessed it or not. And when he had gone a step or two he came back and kissed her again, and called her endearing names, and swore to make her happy all her days, and told her that he should count the hours till the morning, and then, as if with a mighty effort, drew himself away and disappeared quickly along the path-way.

Her own parting to-night had been different. She felt as if Mr. Falkland had grown tired of the engagement — as if he were carrying it out merely from a sense of duty. "We had better go through with it now," he had said. Perhaps he regarded it as an obligation he could not shirk, an arrangement it would be foolish to alter. And for this she was changing her whole life. She was giving him her freedom; and her freedom had been very precious to her. She had liked the sense of her own irresponsibility so much — the knowledge that no one could question her or call her to task for her goings out and comings in, or ask her to give an account of her time. But this would never be again; her wings were clipped. He had shown her quietly, but quite plainly, that henceforth her life would be shaped by him, and not by her own fancy. Always in future there would be, "Can I do this?" and "I have done so-and-so." She felt a little desperate, and almost frightened at the thought of the fate that to-morrow would overtake her. She had loved George Falkland at the beginning of their engagement; she had been prepared to love him very much, had he expected it; and this would have made the monotony of the life that was coming sweet. She could

have delighted in his tyranny had she been sure that he loved her.

"But that is what I do not feel," she said to herself as she sat over the empty fireplace, with the pot of meadow-sweet in front of it. "If I could only think that he cared, I wouldn't mind what he did." She broke down and sobbed, and felt lonely and helpless. It was a nice prelude to a wedding-day. She crept over to the sofa, and put her head down into the pillow and lay very still. Presently she heard the street door below open and shut, and a faint hope took possession of her that he was coming back. But she waited, listening, and dabbing her tears away, while the clock ticked on three minutes. Then Marie came in with a tray on which was a little modest meal — her last one alone.

"Voilà, Madame : votre diner. Monsieur le pasteur has just arrived en bas. Monsieur Snoxall tell me they like each other very, very much, and Monsieur le pasteur is very sorry that Monsieur Falkland should get married. He never believe in marriage. Ah, it is a pity that Monsieur and Madame are going to the country to live; for Monsieur Snoxall say it is never good for Monsieur Falkland, and he get unhappy there. Madame want to be alone? I will go."

Miss Glenny sat looking at her dinner. She did not want to eat it. She got up and walked slowly round the room in which she had lived so long. Her life in it had come to an end. She stood before the little square table on which the silver ornaments were usually arranged. It was bare now; for they had been packed. There was a door leading from the drawing-room into her bedroom. She opened it and looked in. Over the back of a chair was her wedding dress. She remembered reading somewhere an account, more picturesque than accurate, of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and of how, the night before, the black velvet dress in which she was to be beheaded was laid across a chair, just as this grey wedding dress was now.

Beside the bed there was a large

canvas-covered trunk. It was open; and on the end towards her there were still the labels denoting foreign travel. There was one of the hotel at Eu. She thought of the *table d'hôte*. Perhaps the commercial travellers were sitting round it now, telling their stories. In imagination she went along the roads in the forest again, till she came to the sign-post pointing the way to the farm. It was at this time of year that she had gone there; the late cherries in the autumn would be hanging ripe and red. How free she had been — how unfettered. The wide world had been her very own — and she would never know that wonderful feeling again. She had "to go through" with her marriage. She wrenched her thoughts away from it, and looked at the other label on her box. It was one of the hotel at Rouen. She had been very happy there, too, till she went to see the pepper-pot-shaped prison in which poor Joan had been tortured, and the old square in which she had been burnt. She remembered standing in a corner of the square shivering and mechanically stopping her ears as if through all the centuries she could hear a shriek. She hated Rouen after that, and went on by next train to Havre; and there she had stayed in a queer little wooden shanty a mile or two along the coast. It looked across to Trouville; and suddenly one morning she determined to go there. In an hour she had departed on her way; but changed her mind, and went to Hontleur instead.

There would be none of these vagaries in future. Life would be ordered quite differently, and according to the will of a man who had never for a moment let himself go or led her to believe he loved her better than the whole world; and only for the man who did this was her freedom worth giving up. Then a great tenderness came over her, and she understood him. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to go on living the life that for forty-four years had been his, that he had grown used to, that suited him above all others; and he had unwittingly been drawn into this engagement with her, and was too

honorable a man to shirk it, and too kind a one to let her know the rebellion in his heart. She thought of his flat and his untidy, tobacco-scented sitting-room. She had not seen it many times; but she felt that it was very precious to him; yet that it would not exist—neither that nor the like of it—in his future. It would have gone against all her instincts to have had a room like that in a well-kept house over which she presided. There swept in upon her like an avalanche a tide of sympathy with him, of understanding of the wrench to-morrow would be to him, the wrench away from his old life, the books and the silence, the comfort and the restful loneliness.

She looked at the trunk again; it was ready packed. All things were in it that she would want if, for instance, she were starting for Normandy. There would be nothing to do but to close and lock it. Her travelling-cloak and hat were on the table at the foot of the bed. How wonderful it would be to dart off into the open once more—free—free. It was just eight o'clock. At 8.50 the train for Dieppe left Victoria. She felt herself tremble from head to foot. Did a bird feel like that before it took wing? She went towards the trunk. There was some muslin on the bed. She put it softly over the wedding dress on the chair—

IV.

DOWN-STAIRS the two men sat at their dinner. Mr. Barlow's spirits were not as good as in the morning, and his talk was graver. He apologized for his jokes; they had not been in very good taste, he said. "And I'm sure the lady is charming; let's drink her health. I shall miss you, of course. A man is never the same after he is married."

"You were the same."

"Don't let's talk of that," Mr. Barlow said, with a shudder; and he put down his wine untasted. "Those years were an awful mistake; you never knew their history."

"No," Mr. Falkland answered; "I never liked to ask you questions." While he spoke he listened absently to

some wheels that had stopped at the house a minute before, and now turned round and went off into the distance.

"I think I should like to tell you about it," Mr. Barlow said; "and I would rather do so now, before you have a wife, to whom you may feel inclined to repeat confidences."

It was late when they had finished their talk, and Mr. Falkland felt no better for it. When his friend had gone to his room he sat by the empty fireplace, as Miss Glenny had done by hers; and then got up and walked round his room, looking longingly at every familiar thing it held; and he felt, as she had known he did, that he was giving away his quiet, his books,—that he was changing his whole life for an idea, a mere speculation. Moreover, he was about to make himself responsible for another's portion of happiness, and he might fail to give her any. He wondered how he could have been so rash. In the past winter, when they were merely friends, they had each been content; why had he altered things? It had been pleasant enough to go up-stairs and watch her bending over her work and to think of many things of which it was unnecessary to speak—pleasant to come back to the quiet. To-morrow he was going out of the quiet, and would never come back to it again. Forever in the future there would be a human being with him, tied to him, belonging to him, looking to him, taking her portion of weal or woe, as it was given to him to deal it out. He felt ashamed of having broken in upon her peaceful life. "She is a dear woman," he said to himself, "and enjoyed her life in her own way; what a fool I was to meddle with it. We shall neither of us be the better for what we are going to do—we have been used to freedom too long."

It was past midnight. Mr. Falkland got up desperately and went to his room, but he was staring wide-awake with the knowledge that slowly and surely neuralgia was coming to torment him through the long, dark hours. "I must stop this at any price," he thought, "even at the risk of a headache to-

morrow." He took a bottle from a shelf, and poured a dose into a glass, thinking, while he did so, of Jack Barlow's story, which flashed back vividly upon him. "It will be all right," he thought as he turned on his pillow and drowsiness overtook him. "At any rate, we shall get a little spell of the country—and afterwards—afterwards——" Then the greyness came and gathered over him.

There was a knock at Miss Glenney's door at eight o'clock next morning. When Marie opened it she found Snoxall, trembling and agitated.

"Where is Mademoiselle?" he asked. The old woman put her hands back with a motion of despair.

"Monsieur, I do not know. She is not here."

"Not here! I must find her directly," Snoxall said; and Marie saw that there were tears in his eyes. "Where is she? Something has happened——"

"I do not know," Marie repeated, too bewildered to notice his manner. "She went away in a cab last night, with a big box on the top—it is extraordinary. But of course Monsieur——"

"Marie," said Snoxall, in a scared voice, and touched her arm, "Monsieur is dead."

LUCY CLIFFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JAMES ACHILLES KIRKPATRICK, SOMETIME BRITISH RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF HYDERABAD.

IN the house of Captain Phillips at Torquay there is a life-size picture of a boy and girl, apparently of the ages of four and three, respectively. The artist was evidently English, and the faces of the children have an English look; but their dress is Indian; they have flowing robes of red or green, their naked feet are in embroidered slippers, and their curly hair shows under their tightly fitting caps braided with gold—caps which Indian children

wear till the one is exchanged for the turban, and the other for the shawl and veil. At the end of ninety years the story of these children, or rather of their father and mother—the handsome young Englishman, whom they called Hushmat Jung (Glorious in Battle), and the beautiful lady, Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women)—is still remembered in Hyderabad. The story is so curious and romantic that I have thought it worth while to tell something of it as it really happened, and as it is known from our family papers and family traditions; and if I only had the story-telling powers of Scheherezade, I believe that the romantic loves of Hushmat Jung and Khair un Nissa would rival many of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

In the eighteenth century the great Mogul Empire, which in the days of Akbar could compare in civilization with the contemporary England of Elizabeth, fell to pieces. The viziers, subadars, nawabs, and other great officials of that empire, possessed themselves of the provinces which their predecessors had administered, with only an occasional pretence at recognizing the authority of their nominal sovereign, who still held a shadowy court at Delhi. Whether one or other of these Muhammadan princes, or an adventurer like Hyder, should restore the Muhammadan supremacy throughout India; whether the rise of the Mahratta power foretold the recovery of India for the Hindoos, or whether the ultimate power was to fall either to the French or the English,—this was the question still unsolved when Lord Mornington, better known by his later title of Lord Wellesley, went out to India as governor-general in 1798. The English Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies had acquired the sovereignty of several Indian provinces in spite of itself; and while it was still protesting with sincerity that it only desired to carry on its trade without any employment of its soldiers other than that of self-defence, and had even embodied this declaration in an act of Parliament, they were obliged by the

ministers at home to put their government in India in the hands of a young statesman who soon showed himself possessed of the grandest schemes of political ambition, unchecked by any scruples about the expenditure of money or of life, or the rights of princes and peoples. He went out to India, no doubt, with such grand schemes of policy in his thoughts ; but the necessary information as to the facts with which he had to deal was first given him, as he himself has told,¹ by Colonel William Kirkpatrick, whom he found on sick-leave at the Cape, and whom he made first his military and then his political secretary ; and who was always his chief adviser, as he was his chief defender when he was in danger of impeachment after his return from India. The plans of Tippoo 'or taking vengeance by aid of the French on the English, and his or their relations with the Mahrattas at Poonah, and with the nizam at Hyderabad, made this last-named court a centre of diplomatic and military action at this time. Colonel William Kirkpatrick had been the British resident at the court of Hyderabad, but had now been succeeded by his younger brother, James Achilles, who, like himself, was in the company's military service.

The young Englishman and diplomatist, warm-hearted, generous, and friendly, ever open-handed and munificent, and a real lover of Oriental pomp and splendor, won the esteem and affection of the old nizam, Ali Khan, and of his minister, Azim ul Omrah, to whom he mostly left the affairs of state. And to these sentiments of personal regard was added the respectful deference which could not but be felt for the able representative of that power which, with the unintelligible name of "the Company," had during the last fifty years more and more established its new and strange rule in India. The State of Hyderabad was not strong enough to maintain itself without foreign aid—it had hitherto been pro-

tected by a large military contingent with French officers and discipline ; but the sagacious minister advised his sovereign that the English would be his best allies, and James Achilles Kirkpatrick was able to negotiate three important treaties with the nizam, by one of which a British subsidiary force was to take the place of the French Contingent, which was to be disbanded and its officers arrested. But at the last moment the nizam and his minister wavered, and Kirkpatrick, with the judgment of a statesman and the prompt action of a soldier, himself ordered the advance of the British sepoys, who had been already assembled, and arrested the French officers, who were well treated and sent back to France.

The name and even the personal looks of the handsome young Englishman could not remain unknown to the ladies of the court, who could see and hear, though they could not be seen in the seclusion of their zenanas. Among these was the young begum, Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women), whose ancestors were of Persian descent, while claiming relationship with the family of the Prophet. Both her grandfathers—Bakar Ali Khan and Akil ud Dowlah—were men of rank at the court of Hyderabad, and held appointments in the administration of the Subsidiary Force. Her mother, many years after, related that Major Kirkpatrick had heard of her daughter's beauty from one of the English ladies who used to visit them. Be this as it may, we have his own account of the affecting tale, as he truly calls it in his letters to his much-loved brother William, from whom he had no reserve, even when, as he says, such reserve might have been demanded for the sake of others. He was sitting alone one evening when an old woman came in. She told him how Khair un Nissa had seen him and loved him, and prayed him to listen to her suit. He refused ; and more than once or twice the messenger came again, and was again sent back. At last, as he sat alone in his house one evening, a veiled figure entered the

¹ Letter of January 15, 1807, from the Marquis Wellesley to the Right Hon. Henry Addington, president of the Board of Control.

room. So far I follow the account of those who have seen a first letter from Kirkpatrick, unhappily now lost; but in a second letter he says:—

By way of prelude it may not be amiss to observe that I did once safely pass the fiery ordeal of a long nocturnal interview with the charming object of the present letter. It was this interview I alluded to as the one when I had a full and close survey of her lovely person. It lasted during the greater part of the night, and was evidently contrived by the grandmother and mother, whose very existence hang on hers, to indulge her uncontrollable wishes. . . . I, who was but ill qualified for the task, attempted to argue the romantic young creature out of a passion which I could not, I confess, help feeling myself something more than pity for. She declared to me again and again that her affections had been irrevocably fixed on me for a series of time, that her fate was linked to mine, and that she should be content to pass her days with me as the humblest of handmaids. These effusions you may possibly be inclined to treat as the ravings of a distempered mind; but when I have time to impart to you the whole affecting tale, you will then at least allow her actions to have accorded fully with her declarations.

Some days later there came another messenger praying him to come to the ladies' house. He goes on:—

I went there, and when I assure you—which I do most solemnly—that the grandmother herself intimated the design of this meeting, and the granddaughter, in faint and broken accents, hinted that my listening to her suit was the only chance (as she fondly persuaded herself) of avoiding a hateful marriage, I think you cannot but allow that I must have been *something more or less than man* to have held out any longer.

We think of Elaine and Lancelot:—

And innocently extending her white arms,
"Your love," she said, "your love—to be
your wife."

And then to his grave remonstrances
and reasonings:—

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you, and to follow you thro' the
world."

Or we may compare and contrast Khair

un Nissa with Shakespeare's Juliet. The Persian cannot have been older than the Italian maiden, who was not quite fourteen; and while both alike felt and gave themselves up to the passionate love of womanhood, the girl brought up in the seclusion of a Muhammadan zenana must have been far more a child as to all ideas of morals and marriage and self-control than Juliet, accustomed to the free social European life, with its higher Christian standards. In the lost letter it was said that the hateful marriage of which the young girl spoke was an intended marriage with a cousin, and that she had attempted her life by poison, and that her mother and grandmother feared she would do so again. The family of Khair un Nissa were willing to postpone, and some of them even to dispense with, the sanction of a legal marriage with Kirkpatrick, not consonant with their customs, and which would bring serious consequences to the resident, when it should become known to the governor-general. But when a child was born of the union, Kirkpatrick resolved, in spite of whatever opposition, to give his wife and son a home in the Residency, where he provided her with a zenana or household, in accordance with Oriental manners, and befitting her rank and his own. He "hearkened to the voice of nature, pleading eloquently in the engaging form of an helpless infant," to quote his own words from a letter in reply to Lord Wellesley's severe censures on his conduct, in which, while submitting entirely to the will of the governor-general as to retaining or resigning his office of resident, he justifies the marriage and declares that no public scandal had been caused by it.

I am not able to give the exact order of time of the incidents in the storm which rolled up and broke at intervals during two years over the city of Hyderabad. The court and camp were fluttered with rumors that the English resident had turned Muhammadan; that the nawab had declared that he should be allowed to choose a wife from the honorable family of Bakar Ali;

that the ladies of the nawab's household were interesting themselves in the matter, and had gone to the house of the young lady to talk it over; and that the nizam himself had said that Kirkpatrick was his adopted son, and that he would represent his father at the marriage, while the minister should represent the deceased father of the bride. But Kirkpatrick had enemies as well as friends at the court, and also among the English in the camp of the Subsidiary Force. While the mother and grandmother and paternal grandfather of Khair un Nissa favored, her mother's father, Akil ud Dowlah, opposed the union, and declared that Kirkpatrick was using force and violence in pressing his suit. From a letter written early in this time of excitement by Bakar Ali Khan, father of the young lady's father, it appears that his son, Mahmood Ali Khan, had died from the effects of the bursting of a gun, and that a malicious story had been spread about that the young man had killed himself on hearing the reports of Kirkpatrick's violence. He declares that these reports were entirely false; that they had never reached the ears of his son, who had assured him that the accident was caused by his habit of playing with firearms. He denied that the begum (his wife) had ever made any suchlike charges against the resident, and he curses the inventors of such calumnies in this world and in that which is to come. Akil ud Dowlah professed himself to be in danger, and applied for leave to withdraw within the battalion lines, or else to be allowed an escort of sepoys to take him into the protection of British territory. And meanwhile he told his grievances to the officers of the force, of which he was the paymaster. There was a person of importance named Mir Alum, who had formerly represented the nizam with the British government, but had now fallen into disfavor, and was living in practical, if not formal exile, at some distance from Hyderabad. He was an old enemy to Kirkpatrick, whom he had once insulted with the offer of a bribe. He is in one

place called a brother of Akil ud Dowlah; but in another I find a formal declaration that there was no relationship, or, if any, only of the most remote kind. To Mir Alum he went, and by his desire Mir Alum reported the whole matter according to their version of it to the governor-general.

Kirkpatrick tells his brother that he had thought it right to mention the matter in a public despatch of March 20, 1800, the date of which I give for possible future reference, as I have not myself found it. The government of the company had always looked with disapproval on marriages of their servants with native ladies of rank, lest such marriages should bring them under undue native influences; and while the personal affection which Kirkpatrick expressed, and no doubt felt, for the nizam Ali Khan, and for his minister, is warranty for the like sentiments on their side, it is not improbable that they may have seen possibilities of political advantages to come from the proposed marriage. Lord Wellesley, however, seems at first to have been satisfied with Kirkpatrick's communication, because he did not suppose that the matter was to end in marriage; while Kirkpatrick considered it to have no political importance, and that he need report nothing more of his own conduct in it. But when Lord Wellesley heard Mir Alum's story he was very angry, and was still further exasperated by an anonymous letter with the Hyderabad post-mark, in which the writer defended Kirkpatrick, denounced the scandal-mongers among the English officers, and treated the governor-general himself with sarcasm and contempt. The letter is a pamphlet in bulk, filled with Latin and English quotations in prose and verse, and the style reminds us at once of Dr. Johnson and of the Persian Sa'di. "His Excellency,"—so Lord Wellesley was pleased, without right, to call himself—"his Excellency" dictated his commands that an inquiry should be made through Kirkpatrick himself into the truth of Mir Alum's report, and into the authorship of the anonymous letter. I have before me the

report of Kirkpatrick's *munshi*, or Persian secretary, with the minutes of his interviews with several personages, including the minister Azim ul Omra, who after reading the minutes certifies their accuracy with his own hand. I have already quoted from these minutes, which are curious and amusing, as when the *munshi* gravely reports a story that the ladies of the nawab's house had gone to that of Khair un Nissa's mother, "and after talking of many things, as is the custom of women," had got to the subject of the marriage; how Akil ud Dowlah had drawn his sword on the women in his own house, and so frightened them that they had invented the story that the ministers' ladies had threatened them if they did not agree to the marriage; how the nawab had called the man an idiot for such behavior, and said that his name should have been "The Supreme in Folly," instead of "The Supreme in Wisdom," as it was; and how one of the interviews was ended by the nawab going to his cock-fighting. The nawab said that such a man deserved imprisonment or exile; but he was contented with Akil ud Dowlah's admission that all that he had said was untrue, and his declaration that though he would not be present at the marriage, which he repeated ought not to take place without the consent of the brother of the deceased father, he would go away leaving his seals for them to affix to the contract as they pleased. These official reports were sent to Calcutta, but the writer of the anonymous letter remained undiscovered, and Kirkpatrick objected to being called on to pursue the inquiry. He had now resolved on marrying the beautiful and charming creature who had given herself to him with such self-abandoning love. The nizam and his minister were afraid of involving themselves in the displeasure of the governor-general if they carried out the original intention of a public marriage. The legal form of a Muhammadan marriage is that of a civil contract before proper witnesses; but in India the Hindoo custom of a public procession and other ceremonies had been adopted

by the Muhammadans in addition to *their own forms*; and these public ceremonies the nizam now thought it expedient to omit. I give the account of the wedding as it was given to Captain Duncan Malcolm, the then resident at Hyderabad, some forty years later, by Shurf un Nissa, the mother of the bride, for the information of her English granddaughter:—

Translation of a Statement in Persian sent to me by Shurf oon Nissa Begum.

The following is an account of the marriage of the late Khair oon Nissa Begum Sahibah, the daughter of Shurf oon Nissa Begum Sahibah, who is the daughter of Akil ood Dowlah, with Colonel James Kirkpatrick, "Hushmat Jung" (the Renowned in War).

Akil ood Dowlah, my father, was the *bukshie* (paymaster) appointed by the Nizam's Government to attend the English gentlemen (Hyderabad Subsidiary Force); and in consequence of the appointment which he held, several of the English gentlemen were in the habit of coming to entertainments at his house. On one occasion, when an entertainment was given to Colonel Dallas, about twenty gentlemen and their ladies came to my father's house. Colonel Dallas's lady came to the inner (zenana) apartments and visited us women. She greatly admired my daughter, and said she reminded her strongly of her own sister. After this, on her return to her own house, she praised the beauty of my daughter to Hushmat Jung Bahadur.

About this time my daughter was attacked with small-pox, and as I was in a state of great anxiety on her account, I asked my father to consult with an English physician. My father did, and was told that everything would turn out well.

Colonel James Kirkpatrick sought my daughter from Nizam Ali Khan, on whom the mercy of God has been shown, as also from Aristojah¹ (the Prime Minister). Nizam Ali Khan and Aristojah communicated this request to my father, who at last, after much demur, gave his consent that the ceremony of *Nikah* (marriage) should take place, and expressed his willingness that the rites should be performed according to the customs of our tribe: to this also Nizam Ali Khan assented, and honored Colonel James Kirkpatrick at the same time with the designation of his son.

¹ Also called Azim ul Omra.

His Highness also desired that he should stand as father (in the approaching marriage) to Colonel James Kirkpatrick, whom he styled his son united to him in the bonds of love, and that Aristojah (his Prime Minister) should take the place of my daughter's father.

While this was going on, Mir Alum, the Nizam's agent with the British Government, wrote a letter to the Lord Sahib (the Governor-General Lord Wellesley) to the effect that his brother Akil ood Dowlah had not given his consent to the marriage of his granddaughter, but that Hushmat Jung had taken her by force. The Lord Sahib wrote to Nizam Ali Khan to know how this had occurred. His Highness, on the receipt of this letter, ordered a declaration to be prepared under his own private seal and those of his minister Aristojah and other noblemen of his Court, to the effect that everything had been done with the free will and consent of all parties, and that whoever had made a contrary representation to the Governor-General was in error. This document was in my possession for a long time. In consequence of these discussions the marriage ceremonies were not performed in the usual manner, though the marriage contract was gone through according to Muhammadan rites. In proof of this, a learned man named Meer Ahmed Ali Khan attended on the part of Aristojah, and two of his confidential servants were also present in the capacity of witnesses. Seyed ood Dowlah was my representative on this occasion when they all assembled in my house, and performed the ceremony of the marriage contract. D. MALCOLM.¹

There is a family tradition, believed to rest on a now lost or mislaid document, that there was also a Christian marriage. I have myself found no reference to such a marriage, and Kirkpatrick gives as the reason why his children had not been christened, that there was no chaplain at Hyderabad; but at Hyderabad, as elsewhere in India, a valid English marriage could no doubt have been contracted, as in later times, in the presence of an English magistrate. In any case, the Muhammadan marriage was valid in English law, as Sir H. Russell, the chief justice of Bengal, told his son, who was Kirk-

patrick's assistant, and eventually successor, at Hyderabad.

The report of the munshi is dated January 8, 1801, and was probably sent to Calcutta with other documents soon after. I presume that the marriage, as described by Shirf un Nissa, then followed, but that it was not known to Lord Wellesley till some time later; for the storm continued to rage for at least eighteen months longer — though, I rather think, with intervals. Lord Wellesley wrote by the hand of his secretaries more than one letter censuring the resident's conduct, both for acting in a manner injurious to the public interest, and also for his concealment of what he had done. In a letter of May, 1802, he declares his final resolve to remove Kirkpatrick from his office; and he is said — though I do not find it in our papers — to have sent Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm with a commission to supersede Kirkpatrick, if he thought fit, after a further inquiry on the spot. But Malcolm, on his arrival at Masulipatam, was met there by the captain of Kirkpatrick's cavalry escort, with a remonstrance from Kirkpatrick as to the inconvenience to the public service of such an inquiry, and Malcolm returned to Calcutta. Kirkpatrick told his brother that he believed that Lord Wellesley wished to get rid of him because he opposed the governor-general's policy when he thought it wrong, and to put a more pliant agent in his place; and if it was true, as one of his friends wrote, that James Achilles Kirkpatrick was the only man who dared to oppose that policy, there may have been grounds for his suspicion. But it can hardly be denied that there was some ground for the censure in both respects. Lord Wellesley was, however, an able statesman, and could be cool and calculating as well as insolent and overbearing. He understood the value of Kirkpatrick's public services too well to be willing to lose them at a place where his personal influence was so great, and which was at this time one of the centres of the governor-general's policy. The still more important services of the

¹ This is signed by Captain Malcolm as translator.

elder brother William might be lost with those of the younger ; and if, as is not unlikely, Lord Wellesley saw the first signs of a possible impeachment on his return to England, he may have judged it imprudent to alienate men of so much weight and influence both in India and at home. And the event showed that it was largely to his defence by Colonel William Kirkpatrick that Lord Wellesley was saved from impeachment. The threats of removal were withdrawn, with handsome expressions of the governor-general's sense of the great public services of Major Kirkpatrick, and the promise that the king should be asked to give him the honor of a baronetcy.

Sixty years afterwards there was published a version of the story, the gross and palpable figments of which evidently rest on some tradition of the lying and credulous scandal-mongers of the city and the British cantonments, and which are plainly shown to be false by the contemporary documents from which the present account is taken.

Kirkpatrick, like his chief, Lord Wellesley, loved Oriental magnificence, and, like his chief, persuaded himself that such magnificence gave real importance to the Englishmen with the native courts and people. He planned and built a Residency outside the city of Hyderabad, and he sent to Madras for an "architect acquainted with all forms of European architecture," and for skilled masons and carpenters, who could instruct and direct the Hyderabad workmen, and he showed his own practical knowledge by his specifications as to brickwork and the framing of very large beams. This palace—for such it was, and which still preserves its main features—had a hall sixty feet long, thirty wide, and forty high ; it was approached by a terrace with thirty-two granite steps leading up to a portico. He describes it as standing in a park a mile in circumference, with a lake round which was a gravel walk with a row of lamps ; a garden with all the fruits of Hindostan and of Europe, and a paddock filled

with deer. And besides the apartments in the Residency allotted to his official "family," there were well-built houses in the park for his escort and his band, and also for natives who there took refuge under British protection. The zenana, in which his wife and children lived in Oriental seclusion, was decorated with paintings and made cool with fountains ; and I remember my uncle, Richard Strachey, who was either a visitor of the resident or on his staff, saying to me, "We never saw the lady, but we used to see Hushmat Jung crossing the Residency court and going into his zenana."

Kirkpatrick's official income was large, but could not have provided for the cost of these buildings ; and he mentions, in a letter describing these magnificent works, that the cost had been defrayed by the liberality of the Nizam Ali Khan, his father by adoption. But his own expenditure in keeping up such an establishment was lavish, as is shown in his instructions to his friends or his agents, at home or in Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. While he hesitated whether to make his great hall fifty or sixty feet by thirty, he ordered a Wilton carpet of the lesser size, and then on deciding for the greater length of the hall, ordered a second carpet for the larger floor. He requests his brother William, now in England, to lay out £500 on a reflecting telescope of twelve or fourteen feet in length as an ornament to his terrace, and in the use of which he expects to be sufficiently instructed by one of his staff, who is son of the professor of astronomy in Edinburgh. He sends for chemical and electrical apparatus of large dimensions for the amusement of the grown-up children here. He gives a commission for one hundred of the largest Chinese lamps and several thousand smaller ones, for illuminations such as native princes still delight in, and with no limitations but that the cost shall not ruin him ; he sends for the finest kinds of European orange-trees, which he thinks will be those of Portugal ; he desires a friend to find and engage an English bandmaster for

him; he acknowledges the gift of an elk and an Abyssinian goat as welcome additions to his paddock. Of this magnificence, as it was seen by Mountstuart Elphinstone and Edward Strachey, described by Kirkpatrick as "two superior young men passing through Hyderabad on their way to Poonah," we have a record in Elphinstone's diary of September, 1801: "Went to the Durbar. Major Kirkpatrick goes in great state. He has several elephants and a state palanquin, led horses, flags, long poles with tassels, etc., and is attended by two companies of infantry and a troop of cavalry."¹

This magnificence must have stood in great contrast to the simplicity of the two young Englishmen, one of whom was to fill a larger place in Indian history than Kirkpatrick himself. And it is worth noting, that so far as I have examined Kirkpatrick's letters, there is no mention of his sending for or reading any European books, ancient or modern, while the journals and letters of Elphinstone and my father are full of their reading and discussing every kind of book, old and new, brought from England or sent out by the last ship.

Kirkpatrick was a man of warm heart; and his practical generosity in private life was as great as his public magnificence. He never heard of a relation or a friend in straitened circumstances without giving liberal and often permanent help. When his much-loved brother William was compelled to leave India from bad health, he insisted on his accepting £1,000 a year from him. His letters constantly mention the presents he was sending home to his nieces and to their or his lady friends — shawls, necklaces of opal and of onyx, and strings of garnets. Lord Clive (the second of that name) was puzzled by receiving a box of toys when he was expecting a box of ammunition; the toys were meant for the children of Kirkpatrick's friend, Dr. Thackeray, and so may possibly have

been among the playthings of the author of "Vanity Fair."

Kirkpatrick's letters make frequent reference to his "dear little children" and "dear little ones," and especially to his boy, who was learning to "prattle readily," and in whom he attempted to trace a likeness to his own father. As I have already mentioned, he says that as there was no chaplain at Hyderabad they had not been christened; but he gives careful directions by letter and in his will that this should be done either before they leave Madras or on their arrival in England, for it was arranged with their mother's consent that they should go to England, to his father, to be brought up. At a time when the voyage from India to England took about six months, and the fleet of merchantmen ran the danger of falling in with French men-of-war, from which even their convoy might not be able to protect them, the sending the children to England was not so easy a matter as it would be now, and the arrangements were many months in making. It was at this time, in 1804 or 1805, when the boy was four and the girl three years old, that the picture which I mentioned at the beginning of my story was painted. It is by Chinnery, who had long been a distinguished miniature-painter in India. This was one of his first life-size pictures; and Wilkie, when he saw it some years afterwards, said that he had not believed that any living English artist could have painted such a picture. It remained with the mother till her death, when it was sent to her children in England.

Of Khair un Nissa Begum herself, in the Eastern seclusion of her zenana, we get but glimpses. Kirkpatrick in his will, made six months before his death, calls her "a Mahomedan lady of birth and distinction," and the "excellent mother of his children," and adds, that although her own ample fortune, hereditary and acquired, and her large amount of jewels, make it needless for him to provide further for her, yet he leaves her a bequest "by way of proof" of his "unbounded love and affection,"

¹ Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, By Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P. Vol. i., p. 35.

and as "a last token of his esteem and remembrance."

The children were to go home, and no doubt did so, under the charge of Mrs. Ure, the wife of the English surgeon at Hyderabad, and with an English nurse, Mrs. Perry, wife of one of the resident's band. The father and mother were to take them to Madras, where they were to embark, and thence Kirkpatrick was to go for a short sea-voyage to recruit his now failing health. Seventy years afterwards, the daughter—then Mrs. Philipps—told her children that she remembered her mother's grief at parting with her. I nowhere find it stated whether she did actually go with them to Madras; but if so, she returned to Hyderabad, whence she sends a message to her husband at Madras through his secretary, who writes: "I have sent to ask the begum if she has any message, and she sends you her salaam, and hopes you will take care of your health."

But Kirkpatrick was not merely going on a sea-voyage for his health, but proceeding from Madras to Calcutta among other principal political agents of government to give Lord Cornwallis, who was now governor-general, personal information as to the policy of Lord Wellesley, which he had been sent out to restrain if not to reverse. But Kirkpatrick's work was done. He died at Calcutta, October 15, 1805, and was honored with a public recognition of his services.

The children found an English home in the house of their grandfather at Holydale, near Bromley, in Kent, and afterwards with Lady Louis, the eldest daughter of their uncle, Colonel William. The fond names which their mother had given them in her zenana, and which may be translated as "the Lord of the World," and "our little Princess and English Lady," were exchanged for William George and Catherine Aurora; and in after years the daughter told her own children how long she and her brother pined for the father and mother whom they remembered, and longed to get away from the cold of England to Hyderabad, and

were sad at hearing that they were not to go there again, which was all they could understand of their father's death. There is here a blank. I cannot find how many years the wife outlived her husband, nor what their future life was intended to be if he had lived. I seem to remember hearing that Mrs. Charles Buller saw the Begum Khair un Nissa in Calcutta, but I cannot discover what correspondence may have been carried on between the mother and her children during the remainder of her life. When they were grown up there was such a correspondence for many years between them and their grandmother, who lived to a great age at Hyderabad. Her letters are in very fine Persian writing (not of course her own), on paper sprinkled with gold-leaf, and enclosed in bags of *kincob* or cloth-of-gold. The resident, through whom they were sent—Sir Henry Russell—or Captain Duncan Malcolm, accompanied them with a translation, and other interesting news of, and from, the old lady.

When her grandson was grown up she was anxious that he should pay her a visit (no holiday trip in those days), and offered to pay his expenses; and he would have done so, had he not been disabled by the effects of the terrible accident in his boyhood—the falling into a copper of boiling water which led to his early death. In one of her letters the Begum Shirf un Nissa complains that she had been reduced to poverty by the non-payment of her *jaghir*, or yearly charge on the state revenues; but this wrong was redressed by the help of the good offices of Captain Malcolm; and her letters are for the most part the outpourings of affection. Of these I give the following specimen:—

Translation of a letter addressed by Shirf un Nissa Begum to her granddaughter "Sahib Begum Beeba Sahib."

My child, the light of mine eyes, the solace of my heart, may God grant her long life!

After offering up my prayers that her days may be lengthened, her dignity increased, let it be known to my child that

by the mercy and goodness of God her representation, arrived after a long time, and having brought happiness with its presence, imparted happiness to my heart and light to my eyes, and occasioned such joy and delight that an account of it cannot be brought within the compass of the tongue or pen. The letter written by my child is pressed by me sometimes to my head, and sometimes to my eyes. It is written in it that my child has married the nephew of Sir John Kennaway, Delawar Jung.¹ The receipt of this news, replete with gladness, has added joy upon joy to me.

Verse.

If my life had been the sacrifice for this
Good news, it would be of no consequence !

I also derived unmeasurable joy from having such good tidings of the children of my child and those of the late Sahib Alum.² The Almighty, who confers greatness and dignity, keep them long in health ; and God is my witness that I keep my child in my remembrance even to a greater degree than she has done me. No minute or second passes by in which I do not think of her.

Verse.

The recollection of you is night
And day with me.

May the pure and exalted God speedily
lift up the veil of separation from between
us and gladden us with a meeting !

Versc.

May this petition be granted to me
And to the world !

My heart cannot contain the joy it feels in learning that the daughter of Sahib Alum is about to visit Hindostan with her husband, and I will, without fail, cherish that child as the apple of my eye. If I can procure a female artist, I will send my child my portrait. My child must send me her likeness and those of her children. In compliance with my child's request, I am sending a lock of her mother's hair ; a portion of it is plain, and the rest is made up. I formerly received accounts of the welfare of my children from Sir William Rumbold ; but since Colonel Doveton left this, I have received no further accounts. Mahomed Darak is dead, and also his son ; he has, however, a daughter still living. His son has left six sons and two daughters.

My nephew Mahomed Ali Khan and niece Lootf oon Nissa Begum send their

salutations. My grandsons Hubeebullah Khan and Shoolam Ali Khan and my granddaughter Khoodezah Begum likewise desire their salutations to be given to you.

The poetical language of this letter, like the beautiful Persian character of the original, may be attributed to the court letter-writer ; but everything shows that it expresses the real love of the grandmother for her grandchild, while she made its thoughts and images her own. And to the reader of the " Arabian Nights," and the " Gulistan " and " Bustan " of Sa'di, it will be pleasant to see with what little change the poetry of sentiment goes on in Eastern life.

William George Kirkpatrick was a young man of great promise, but he died young, as I have said. He left a widow and three daughters. His sister, Catherine Aurora, was married to Captain James Winsloe Philipps, of the 7th Hussars, and died in 1889, at the age of eighty-seven. She is the Kitty Kirkpatrick of Carlyle's " Reminiscences," and the Blumine of his " Sartor Resartus." She was ten years my elder, but I remember her from girlhood to old age as the most fascinating of women.

Such is the story of Hushmat Jung (Glorious in Battle) and Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women), so far as I can give it. But I have been unable, from failing eyesight, to make complete examination of the papers, and some further facts and fresh light may possibly be still found in them.

EDWARD STRACHEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN
MEMOIRS.

MRS. KEMBLE.

My father was a very young man when he first knew the Kemble family. In 1832 he himself was twenty-one, a couple of years younger than Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who was born in 1809. The mentions of the Kemble family in a diary which he kept about that time are very constant. " Called at

¹ The Courageous in Battle, his title at Hyderabad.

² The Lord of the World.

Kemble's. Walked with Kemble in the Park." [Kemble was John Mitchell Kemble, Mrs. Fanny Kemble's brother.] We met the duke looking like an old hero." "Breakfasted with Kemble, went to see the rehearsal of the Easter piece at Covent Garden, with Farley in his glory." Again: "Called at Kemble's. He read me some very beautiful verses by Tennyson." On another occasion my father speaks of seeing "Miss Tot, a very nice girl. Madame not visible;" and again of, "Miss Fanny still in Paris."

It was in the year 1851, or thereabouts, that my own scraps of recollections begin and that I remember walking with my father along the High Street at Southampton, and somewhere near the archway he turned, taking us with him into the old Assembly Rooms, where I heard for the first and only time in all my life a Shakespearean Reading by Mrs. Fanny Kemble. I think it was the first time I ever saw her. She came in with a stiff and stately genuflection to the audience, took her seat at the little table prepared for her, upon which she laid her open book, and immediately began to read. My sister and I sat on either side of our father. He followed every word with attention; I cannot even make sure of the play after all these years, but Falstaff was in it, and with a rout and a shout a jolly company burst in. Was it Falstaff and his companions, or were they

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white
You moonshine revellers —

Suddenly the lady's voice rose, with some generous, cheery chord of glorious fun and jollity. I can hear the echo still and see her action as she pointed outwards with both open hands, and my father with a start, bursting into sympathizing laughter and plaudit, began crying "Brava! Brava!" and then again he sat listening and looking approvingly through his spectacles. As we came away he once more broke into praise. "Don't you see how admirably she forgets herself?" he said; "how she throws herself into it all? how

finely she feels it?" My father was the best of audiences, a born critic, and yet an enthusiast; and to the last he could throw himself into the passing mood, into the spirit of the moment, while at the same time he knew what it was he was admiring, and why he admired.

Some years passed before we met Mrs. Kemble again, in Rome. It was at a very hard and difficult hour of her life, so I have heard her say, a time when she needed all her courage to endure her daily portion of suffering. I was then a hobbledehoy and (though she was no less kind to me then than in later years) I only stared and wondered at her ways, asking myself what she meant, and how much she meant by the things she said; but when I, too, was an older woman the scales fell from my eyes.

One had to learn something one's self before one could in the least appreciate her. When the gods touch one's hair with grey, then comes some compensating understanding of what has been and still is. Now I can understand the passionate way in which Mrs. Kemble used in early times to speak of slavery; then I used to stare, nor realize in the least what she felt, when she would sometimes start to her feet in agitation and passionate declamation; she who with streaming eyes and wrung heart had walked about the plantations feeling more, perhaps, than any slave could do what it was to be a slave. To her free and ruling nature every hour of bondage must have seemed nothing short of torture. In those far-back Roman days of which I have been writing, she used to take us out driving with her from time to time. "Where shall I drive to?" asks the coachman. "*Andate al Diavolo*," says Mrs. Kemble gaily. "Go where you will, only go!" And away we drive through streets, and out by garden walls and garden gates to the Campagna, and as we drive along she begins to sing to us. I could box my own past ears for wondering what the passers-by would think of it, instead of enjoying that bygone song.

I can also remember Mrs. Kemble sitting dressed in a black dress silently working all through the evening by her sister's fireside, and gravely stitching on and on, while all the brilliant company came and went, and the music came and went. In those days Mrs. Kemble had certain dresses which she wore in rotation whatever the occasion might be. If the black gown chanced to fall upon a gala day she wore it, if the pale silk gown fell upon a working day she wore it; and I can still hear an American girl exclaiming with dismay as the delicate folds of a white silk embroidered with flowers went sweeping over the anemones in the Pamphili Gardens. Another vivid impression I have is of an evening visit Mrs. Kemble paid Mrs. Browning in the quiet little room in the Bocca di Leone, only lit by a couple of tapers and by the faint glow of the fire. I looked from one to the other: Mrs. Browning welcoming her guest, dim in her dusky gown unrelieved; Mrs. Kemble upright and magnificent, robed on this occasion like some Roman empress in stately crimson edged with gold. It happened to be the red dress day, and she wore it. "How do you suppose I could have lived my life," I once heard her say, "if I had not lived by rule, if I had not made laws for myself and kept to them?" Out of this stress of feeling, out of this passionate rebellion against fate, she grew to the tender, the noble and spirited maturity of her later days. In time, by habit and degrees, we learn to understand a little more how to fit ourselves to circumstances, and life begins to seem possible and to contain certain elements of peace and of philosophy; it is in mid-life when we try to accommodate our own wants and wishes to those of others that the strain is greatest and the problem occasionally passes beyond our powers of solution. Indeed very few solutions are possible, though wise compromises exist for us all. Some are more adaptable than others, and not having very positive selves to manage, having impressions rather than strong convictions to act upon, they run fairly

well along other people's lines; but when strong feeling, vivid realizations, passionate love of truth and justice, uncompromising faith exist, then experience becomes hard indeed. When Mrs. Kemble went to her rest only the other day, few among the critics who spoke so inadequately of that great personality, who wrote their conventional praise or indiscriminating blame, had come into touch with the magnetism of her personal influence, its generous inspiration. One only, her own and her daughter's personal friend, Mr. Henry James, to whom she turned with confidence and love to the very last, has found words to write of her which those who knew her best will best appreciate. "A prouder nature never fronted the long humiliation of life," he says, touching upon the more tragic side of her history.

One should have a different language to speak with each of those one has loved and admired in turn. Such a language exists in one's heart, but how can one translate it into print? Some people seem like green places in the desert; one thinks of them, and one is at rest. It is also true that there exist a certain number who oppress one with nameless discouragement, bores past and present. But the elect are those who put life into one, who give courage to the faint-hearted, hope, out of their own hearts' constancy; to these Fanny Kemble belonged indeed. To the end she retained the power of making new friends, of being loved by them and of loving them. One member of my own family, whom the elder lady was pleased to christen Rosalind, only knew her when she was long past seventy years of age, but what a true and spontaneous friendship was that which sprang up between them both, one which added, so wrote Mrs. Wister, to the happiness of her mother's later years. Mrs. Kemble returned love with love in full measure, whether it came to her in the shape of beautiful white azaleas from an old friend's hand, or of music played so as to delight her fine taste, or even as *dumme Liebe* with nothing to say, nothing to show.

I once went out shopping with her one spring morning when she thought her room would look the brighter for muslin curtains to admit the light. She carried a long purse full of sovereigns in her hand. We drove to Regent Street to a shop where she told me her mother and her aunt used both to go. It may have been over that very counter that the classic "Will it wash?" was uttered. The shopman, who had assuredly not served Mrs. Siddons or he would have learned his lesson earlier in life, produced silken hangings and worsted and fabrics of various hues and textures to Mrs. Kemble's great annoyance. I had gone to another counter and came back to find her surrounded by draperies, sitting on her chair and looking very serious; distant thunder seemed in the air. "Young man," she said to the shopman, "perhaps your time is of no value to you — to me my time is of great value. I shall thank you to show me the things I asked for instead of all these things for which I *did not ask*," and she flashed such a glance at him as must have surprised the youth. He looked perfectly scared, seemed to leap over the counter, and the muslin curtains appeared on the spot.

Mrs. Kemble once asked me suddenly what color her eyes were, and confused and unready I answered, "light eyes." At the moment indeed they looked like amber, not unlike the eyes of some of those captive birds one sees in their cages sitting alone in the midst of crowds. Mrs. Kemble laughed at my answer. "Light eyes! Where are your own? Do you not know that I have been celebrated for my dark eyes?" she said; and then I looked again and they were dark and brilliant, and looking at me with a half-amused, half-reproachful earnestness.

It must have been in the early years of the century that Sir Thomas Lawrence sketched that well-known and most charming head of Miss Fanny Kemble with which we are most of us acquainted. The oval face, the dark eyes, the wise young brows, the glossy

profusion of dark hair, represent her youth; she was no less striking in her age, though no great painter ever depicted it. She grew to be old indeed, but it was only for a little while that she *was* an old woman. Stately, upright, ruddy and brown of complexion, almost to the very last; mobile and expressive in feature, reproachful, mocking, and humorous, heroic, uplifted in turn. This was no old woman, feeling the throb of life with an intensity far beyond that of younger people, splendid in expression, vehement, and yet at times tender with a tenderness such as is very rare. She was indeed one of those coming from the mountain, one of the bearers of good tidings. As a girl I used to watch Mrs. Kemble stitching at her worsted work, and so in later days we have all seen her; sitting in her armchair, dressed in her handsome black silk Paris dress and lace cap. She sits upright by the window, with flowers on the table beside her, while her birds are pecketing in their cage. For a long time she kept and tended certain American mocking-birds, letting them out of their cages to fly about the room, and perch here and there upon the furniture. "I have no right," she used to say, "to inflict the annoyance of my pleasures upon my servants, and therefore I attend to my birds and their requirements myself." She emphasizes her words as she sits at work, stitching in the long colored threads with extra point as she speaks, or again, when she is interested in what she says, putting down her tapestry and looking straight into your face, as she explains her meaning directly and clearly, without fear of being misunderstood. I once complained to her of something said by some one else. "I do not care what any one thinks of me, or chooses to say of me" — I can almost hear her speak — "nay, more than that, I do not care what any one chooses to say of the people I love; it does not in any way affect the truth. People are at liberty to speak what they choose, and I am also at liberty not to care one farthing for what they say nor for any

mistakes that they make." What Mrs. Kemble did care for, scrupulously, with infinite solicitude, was the fear of having ever caused pain by anything that she had said in the energy of the moment; she would remember it and think over it after days had passed. People did not always understand her, nor how her love of the truth, as it appeared to her, did not prevent her tenderness for the individual; she would also take it for granted, that whoever it was she was talking to also preferred the truth to any adaptation of it.

Mr. Henry James instances among her other social gifts, her extraordinary power of calling up the representation of that which was in her mind, and impressing others with her own impression. Those, he says, who sometimes went with her to the play in the last years of her life, will remember the Juliets, the Beatrices, the Rosalinds, whom she could still make vivid without any accessory except the surrounding London uproar.

I myself fortunately once happened to ask her some question concerning "As You Like It," which had been her sister's favorite play. Suddenly, as if by a miracle, her little room seemed transformed; there were the actors, not even actors; there stood Rosalind and Celia themselves, there stood the Duke, there was Orlando in the life and spirit. One spoke and then another, Rosalind pleading, the stern Duke unrelenting; then we were somehow carried to the forest with its depths and its delightful company. It all lasted but a few moments, and there was Mrs. Kemble again sitting in her chair in her usual corner; and yet I cannot to this day realize that the whole beautiful mirage did not sweep through the little room, with color and light and emotion, and the rustling of trees, and the glittering of embroidered draperies.

Mrs. Kemble told me that she herself had only once heard her aunt Mrs. Siddons read. She said the impression was very overpowering, though she had been almost a child at the time.

It was from the witches' scene in "Macbeth" that Mrs. Siddons read. She was very old and broken at the time, and living in retirement, but she forgot her suffering state in her theme. The sense of storm and mystery and power was all round about, Mrs. Kemble said. One can imagine the scene, the dark-eyed maiden sitting at the feet of the great actress and receiving the initiation from her failing hands.

The true dramatic faculty does not indeed depend on footlights or on a stage; it is a special gift from spirit to spirit. Fanny Kemble was almost the very last representative of the ruling race to which she belonged, and in no small degree did she retain to the very end their noble gift of illumination, of giving life to words and feelings. She herself has defined this power. "Things dramatic and things theatrical are often confounded together," she writes. "English people, being for the most part neither one nor the other, speak as if they were identical, instead of so dissimilar that they are nearly opposite. That which is dramatic in human nature is the passionate, emotional, humorous element, the simplest portion of our composition; that which imitates it is its theatrical reproduction. The dramatic is the real of which the theatrical is the false. A combination of the power," she continues, "of representing passion and emotion with that of imagining or conceiving it, is essential to make a good actor; their combination in the highest degree alone makes a great one."

I remember Mrs. Sartoris once saying: "I do not know if you will think it very conceited of me; but it always appears to me that no one I ever talk to seems able to say anything clearly and to the point, except myself and my sister Fanny. When she speaks I know exactly what she means and wants to say; when other people speak, I have to find out what they mean, and even then I am not certain that they know it themselves." As Mrs. Sartoris spoke she looked at me with her searching glance, her beautiful head was like that of some classical statue

nobly set upon her shoulders. But no classical statue ever looked at you as she did; her eyes and mouth spoke before she uttered. She always seemed to me an improvisatrice. Both these women had the rare power of stirring and stimulating one's sleepy, make-shift soul, suggesting, satisfying. It was as if Mrs. Sartoris could at will compel the sound and the sense and the color into that in which she was interested, so that we were all for the time, and indeed for a lifetime since, illumined by her.

Mrs. Sartoris was living in Paris in the Rue Royale, at one time, in a very stately apartment. It seemed to suit her as did all handsome and beautiful things. I don't suppose the modern, æsthetic taste would have suited her. She liked glorious things full of color, Italian, sumptuous, and she liked them used for daily life and pleasure. She made a home out of her lovely *bric-à-brac* and tapestries and cabinets. Something of course must be allowed for the grateful excitement of inexperience, but to us in those days her houses seemed like succeeding paradises upon earth. I can remember on one occasion gazing in admiration at a glowing, shaded lamp, the first I had ever seen, reflected from one glass to another, and listening to my hostess as she sang Oberon's "Mermaid Song" from the far end of the room. Then came dinner in an octagon dining-room at a round table with pink wax candles and ices, and then the quick drive to the theatre where our stalls were kept for us. I remember neither the name of the theatre nor of the play, only the look of the bright lighted stage, and the pretty white house full of spectators. Mrs. Sartoris was using a pair of turquoise eyeglasses, through which she looked about, and presently she whispered to me, "There, to your left, in the box on the first tier." I looked, expecting I know not what, and my first impression was disappointment. I saw some figures in the box, two men standing at the back, and a lady in a front seat sitting alone. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, dressed in

a stiff watered-silk dress, with a huge cameo, such as people then wore, at her throat. Her black, shiny hair shone like polished ebony, she had a heavy red face, marked brows, great dark eyes; there was something — how shall I say it? — rather fierce, defiant, and set in her appearance, powerful, sulky; she frightened one a little. "That is George Sand," said Mrs. Sartoris, bending her head and making a friendly sign to the lady with her eyeglasses. The figure also bent its head, but I don't remember any smile or change of that fixed expression. The contrast struck me the more, for my hostess, as I have said, scarcely needed to speak to make herself understood; her whole countenance spoke for her even if she was silent. George Sand looked half bored, half far away; she neither lighted up nor awoke into greeting.¹

Mrs. Kemble once said she had heard George Sand described half in fun as "unamiable, very emphatic, very dictatorial, very like herself in short;" but perhaps the description was as superficial in one case as it assuredly would have been in the other.

Mrs. Kemble was dramatic rather than dictatorial. Her selection of facts was curiously partial and even biased; not so her uncompromising sense of their moral value. When she sat with her watch open before her, reading, writing, working to rule, it was because time itself was of importance in her eyes, rather than her work. For her, life belonged to time, rather than time to life. She carried her love of method into everything, even into the game of patience with which she amused herself. Evening after evening the table would be set and the appointed number of games would be played conscientiously, as she sat, whether she was

¹ I like better to think of George Sand as I never knew her, with grey hairs and a softened life, outcoming and helpful and living in later years among her plants, and her grandchildren, and her poor people; to imagine her as I have heard her described by others in her age, beneficent, occupied, tending and prescribing, distributing the simples out of her garden, healing the sick, softened by time, giving to others day by day what she had earned by her nights of persistent work.

tired or not, inclined or not, as a beloved enchantress dealing out passing destinies to the pasteboard men and women on the table before her. Mrs. Kemble once sent over for a neighbor to teach him patience; one might moralize over the combination, — Mrs. Kemble teaching patience in her grand-seigneur fashion and meekly subservient to its laws! It was indeed because she was so conscious of passionate interests and diversities, that she tried to shape her life to one recurring pattern. A friend recalls an anecdote of Frederika Bremer, who was not willing to see Mrs. Kemble on one occasion, explaining afterwards, "I could not see so many people as you are when I had a headache." She was indeed many people, actors and musicians, philosophers, teachers and poets, in one. She was eighty before she attempted a novel, but her letters are models, especially the earlier ones. Her poems are very lovely. Her farewell to the Alps was written after three-score years and ten had passed over her head, and I heard her read it with tears. Once I asked her why she so disliked the stage, loving all that belonged to it as she did. She said that it was because she loved her own being even more than her art; that she found the constant simulation of emotion in time destroyed in herself the possibility of natural feeling, and that she wished to keep the possession of her own soul; but I think she has also written this somewhere in her records.

Perhaps the most distinguishing stamp of her character was her great and fervent piety. Her convictions were very deep; what she said of her own religious faith was that it was "invincible, unreasoning." I have heard a friend describe how, as they came along the mountain pass from Roselau, Mrs. Kemble made her bearers set her down at the summit of the ascent. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," she said, breaking out into the words of the Psalm, and repeating verse after verse. She used to go regularly to church when she was in London, though I do not think any of the

steeple and pulpits which adorn South Kensington exactly suited the deep and fervent spirit of her faith. She was neither high church nor low church nor broad church, and once after witnessing a Catholic ceremony, the Fête Dieu, in some foreign city, she exclaimed to her foreign manservant, "Oh, Govert, what an amusing religion you have!" But her faith was a noble one, and her great reverence for what was good and great seemed to make goodness and greatness nearer to us.

Of all possessions that of the added power which comes to us through the gifts of others is one of the most mysterious and most precious. We are inadequate in a thousand ways, but the grace is there; we are disappointed and inefficient, and yet we can be happy in a perfection which may be revealed at any moment, in the twinkling of an eye. It is like some secret link binding humanity together, some fraction of the rainbow hidden among the clouds and the tears of life.

Mrs. Kemble possessed to a rare degree the gift of ennobling that to which she turned her mind. Kindness is comparatively commonplace, but that divine touch which makes others feel akin to qualities greater than any they are conscious of in themselves, was, I think, the virtue by which she brought us all into subjection.

ANNE RITCHIE.

From Longman's Magazine.

MY FIRST BEAR-HUNT.

ONE intensely cold day in January, some few years ago, four Englishmen, of whom the writer of this narrative was one, journeyed down to a certain shooting club about fifteen miles out from St. Petersburg upon an errand which, when stated in plain terms, will perhaps strike the reader as being somewhat unsportsmanlike. We were, in fact, about to make a raid upon an old bear, who was known to be enjoying his long winter's nap in a certain well-concealed *berloga* (Anglicè, lair), which lay in the dense forest not very far dis-

tant from the lodge. To arouse the sleeper we should require long poles, for Bruin sleeps very soundly, and sometimes needs a considerable amount of prodding before he will consent to quit the pleasant land of dreams. Then, having thus aroused the sleepy individual in whose honor we had undertaken the journey from town, we hoped to shoot him as he issued from his berloga yawning and rubbing his poor old eyes, before he should have time to look around and discover what all the noise and disturbance was about. This is the not-too-sportsmanlike method of slaying bears in vogue in the dominions of the czar.

Yegor, the keeper, had long promised us this bear. He, alone of mortal men, was aware of the exact spot which the creature had selected for its abode during the hibernating period, and to say that he was proud and happy in the knowledge would be to express very feebly the exuberance of joyful feelings animating his ardent sportsman's soul. He had found Bruin's whereabouts in the following way, which, I may explain, is the usual method of discovering such secrets in those portions of the empire in which bears are still numerous, and where their discovery is a regular trade, each berloga found being worth to the finder about five pounds. At the first fall of snow, early in November, Yegor had sallied forth with the intention of looking for bear-tracks, for he knew well that Bruin anxiously awaits the snow in order to select a suitable spot for his lair, and to settle down as speedily as may be to that long and delightful period of rest for which he has perhaps pined in sleepy impatience for some time past. The snow, he is aware, will soon form roof and walls to the open cavern which he has chosen at the foot of some uprooted pine-tree, and his moist breath will speedily congeal it into a firm mass above and around him as he lies, completely concealing him during his helplessness from all unwelcome visitors. But bears are rare so close to the metropolis as is the village of S—, the headquarters of the shooting club over

which Yegor presides; consequently, though the keeper had conscientiously sallied forth year after year in the forlorn hope of finding bear-tracks, yet, up to the present season, his labors had remained entirely unrewarded. How great, then, was his joy when, in the first week in November in the particular year of grace which I am now discussing, having started out upon his annual search, and before he had proceeded more than a mile or so through the forest, he came upon undoubted evidence of the close proximity of him he had sought so long and so fruitlessly—old Mr. Bruin himself. Yegor immediately did what I feel sure my readers will misconstrue—he shinned up the nearest pine-tree. Yegor's action was not, however, prompted by cowardice—in fact, he entertained no thought whatever of danger. He climbed that tree with the sole desire to occupy a strategic position during the subsequent peculiar proceedings of the bear, which were something like this: Shortly after Yegor had taken up his position Bruin made his appearance, walking along at a great pace, as though anxious to catch a train, and grunting as he went, apparently with satisfaction. In the course of the next hour or two, during which Yegor patiently sat on in his tree, the bear passed and repassed the same spot many times, always in a hurry and each time from a different direction. Yegor, who was well acquainted with the peculiarities of Mr. Bruin, was not in the least surprised at the apparently insane behavior of the latter; but as you, reader, may not be equally well-informed in the matter, I will explain that the bear was by no means so insane as he appeared, and that his actions were merely the deliberately planned manoeuvres of his tribe, always employed under similar circumstances, in order to bewilder and mystify any possible enemy desirous of discovering the secret of the hiding-place selected to harbor him during the subsequent months. In a word, the animal was describing circles and figures of all sorts about and around the spot which it had selected for its hibernating lair, under the im-

pression that it would thus effectually prevent the possibility of being tracked to its berloga. On this occasion, however, poor Bruin's ingenious contrivances were altogether unavailing, for towards evening Yegor, having descended, half congealed, from his perch, was easily able to discover the precise locality towards which Bruin's tracks gradually converged, and in which he was now lying, cosily settled, as he fondly supposed, for many a long day, and grunting with immense satisfaction over his fancied success in having frustrated the machinations of his enemies and confounded their politics all round. Thus, then, Yegor had discovered the exact position of his victim. All that now remained was to keep his secret; he must not breathe a word of it to man, woman, or child, for if the village were to obtain an inkling of the presence within a few miles of a bear, a dozen ardent sportsmen would roam the woods in every direction in the hope of discovering its whereabouts and of sharing the profits of discovery. A fresh fall of snow would soon descend and obliterate the maze of tracks which Bruin had designed around his lair, so that, unless Yegor allowed his tongue to have the better of his discretion meanwhile, his secret would be safe enough after a certain term of care and of discreet conduct at the village drink-shop; he would not require to remain sober very long. In a month or so the gentlemen might be summoned from town, the bear would be aroused and shot, and then, with the big tea-money in his hand and the sound of praise in his ears, why, what a drink he would have! But the tea-money would go upon a species of tea which is spelt *vodka*.

So, then, we arrive at the point at which the "gentlemen from town," and among them the writer of this history, had been summoned to the fray.

To reach the shooting-box at S— was an easy matter—indeed it was an exceedingly pleasant matter—for the drive over the firm sledge-roads in *kibitki* behind a pair of little steeds whose one idea in life was to "get

there" rather quicker than their brave limbs were designed by nature to perform the journey, was the most exhilarating and delightful thing in the world—a delight to which the jangling bells, the cries of the driver, the brilliant sunshine, the sparkle of icicles and rime upon every twig of every pine-tree, all contributed in equal shares. But from the lodge to the bear's berloga, a distance of about three miles through the densest of forests, was a totally different affair. This portion of the journey had to be performed on foot, because snowshoes were an impossibility in the tangled forest-land through which we were obliged to pass, where one-half of the trees were uprooted and lay in every conceivable attitude, a picture of chaos, upon and at the feet of their upright brethren. The snow was deep, four feet in depth at least, and we were clad in long, fur-lined shooting-coats like Norfolk jackets, but skirted to the knees. These coats are very delightful for driving or standing about in, and tolerable for easy-going snowshoeing, but for taking hard exercise in they are the most undesirable of garments. Any one who has tried it must be aware of the extreme exertion involved in plodding through even one foot of snow without snowshoes; and it is no exaggeration to say that when the snow is three or four feet in depth there is no form of exercise which will so speedily deprive the "patient" of every atom of the breath of his lungs as trying to make his way through it on foot. Before I had pounded through my first quarter of a mile of it, I was in that condition of mind when one regards every human being within sight as his bitterest enemy. At the half-mile I was devoutly wishing I had never been born into so pitilessly hard a world, and cursing the hour which first saw me draw that breath of which I was at the moment in so great need. My cherished shooting-coat had been shed long before this, the fur waistcoat quickly following it, both articles being left, though more or less valuable, to their fate, for I was now in that deplorable condition of depression and

fatigue when a man cares no longer what becomes of him or of his property, and has, indeed, ceased to take any absorbing interest in any of the affairs of this or any other world. I was simply a plodding, fuming mass of hot and angry discontent. My position in this dreadful procession was immediately behind Yegor, who occasionally turned to raise a warning finger when any one of his suffering followers happened to make the slightest sound. We were not allowed to whisper or to cough or to sigh or to make any sort of noise—a limitation which, in my wrathful frame of mind, I looked upon as most ridiculous nonsense, since, as Yegor himself had pointed out, we should have to wake that bear by main force when we were fortunate enough to reach our destination—if we ever did. Personally I felt that I should most assuredly melt away or die long before I reached the end of the third mile—that is, unless I previously burst with suppressed rage over the heat and discomfort of the whole thing. In point of fact, I had well-nigh reached that pitch of despair and fury when loud utterance of complaint becomes an absolute necessity, when, happening to glance round at my companions, I saw a sight which instantaneously restored me to good humor. My three friends were all in the very last stage of dishabille. They, like me, had gradually shed all but the last remnants of their late tasteful costume, their present appearance recalling the earliest moments of the morning toilette. As for their faces, well, if my own displayed anything like the expression of utter distress and misery that theirs did, all I can say is that I can no longer wonder at the apparent rudeness of their conduct in—at sight of me—stopping their plunges and taking with one consent to rolling insanely in the deep snow in an only partially successful attempt to stifle their exceeding great mirth. I joined them in this relaxation, and for a while we all four abandoned ourselves to the sadly needed relief and rest afforded by the spectacle of each other and of poor outraged

Yegor, who stood and waited for us, his countenance displaying more of sorrow than of anger, but a good deal of both. At last we arose and resumed our plunging in great good humor, and in half an hour we had reached the spot indicated by Yegor in a series of winks and pointings and warning gestures as the identical place selected by Mr. Bruin for his winter residence.

It was without doubt the very untidiest spot I had ever beheld. Trees of all possible sizes were lying about in the wildest confusion, piled over the top of one another, some completely uprooted, some with half the root still buried in the earth, while the other half had upturned a mass of soil with it and lay revealed. Branches were piled high in all directions. The place looked as though a tornado had swept it, leaving nothing but chaos and ruin in its track. Certainly Bruin could not possibly have chosen a more propitious spot for his lair. There were twenty or more places here in which he could conceal himself with perfect impunity and without the smallest danger of discovery, unless, indeed, some crafty Yegor, by employing the arts known only to wily humans, should have detected his hiding-place even before he was well inside it.

"That's the spot," whispered our trusty guide, indicating one of many similar caverns formed by upturned roots well walled up with drifted snow. With these few but exciting words Yegor grasped the pole which he had brought with him; then, motioning us to stand round in a semicircle and to have our guns in readiness, he proceeded towards the berloga. I admired the man's courage, I must confess, for he might easily have been precipitated, during his subsequent actions, into the very jaws of the irate individual whom he had come to arouse from slumber.

Standing well over the lair, he first commenced to force his pole through the soil and snow at its front entrance, accompanying his vigorous proddings with language no less vigorous, of which the following is an *édition épurée*: "Now then, son of a degraded she-

bear! wake up, you Pharaoh! What! you're asleep, are you? Wake up, they've come for you, they've brought you something from town; wake up, *cholera!*"¹ Yegor ended his address with a string of choice adjectives, expressive of his personal opinion as to the relatives of the bear in the female line, which struck me as being very rude; but all his incivility, all his blandishments were unavailing to rouse that bear; Bruin was not to be induced to leave his comfortable quarters.

After a short interval devoted by Yegor to a description, in the purest Russian, of his private ideas with regard to the chances for that bear of future blessedness, which I gathered were, in Yegor's opinion, small indeed, that worthy again grasped his pole and proceeded to open up a large breach in the side of the berloga. Having made an aperture of some eighteen inches square, he descended, and thrusting in the pole began to poke about vigorously inside. It soon became evident that something had gone wrong with this bear-hunt. Yegor's face assumed first an expression of blank amazement and horror, succeeded immediately by one of rage; there was no longer any room for doubt—the bear was not at home. Poor Yegor! I shall never forget his countenance as he turned to us and made this humiliating confession. But if he was a pitiful object, I am sure we four deluded sportsmen were at least equally so. For a few blank moments of bewilderment we all stood perfectly silent, listening to the incoherent ravings and protestations of poor Yegor, who was endeavoring to explain that the bear had undoubtedly taken up his quarters here in November, and that some one or other (whom Yegor described with a further eloquent use of adjectives) must have passed near the spot and disturbed him before he had time to fall asleep. Then A. suddenly remarked, in stentorian tones: "When you feel like this *don't say it.*"

I dare not affirm that none of us would have *said it*, eventually, but just at this moment something very surprising happened. As though A.'s remark had suddenly affected its author in some subtle and extraordinary manner, A. was observed to throw up his arms, kick up his feet, and descend rapidly from the mound, upon which he had been standing, into the snow below, arriving at his destination in a sitting posture. At the same instant the mound aforesaid broke up, as though it were a huge bomb in the act of exploding, into an avalanche of snow, ice, bits of pine-boughs and frozen earth, out of the midst of which, like the centre-piece of an elaborate firework effect, came shuffling and scuffling and grunting a large bear, our friend Mr. Bruin himself in fact, who had evidently quitted berloga number one at the December term, and moved over to number two, without giving notice to Yegor of his change of address, which was scarcely polite of him.

To say that we were surprised would but feebly express the breathless condition of agitation into which A.'s sudden disappearance and Bruin's equally sudden apparition plunged us. A. was, of course, out of the hunt at once. I should like to be able to record that the first to recover his wits, of the three remaining sportsmen, was the writer of this paper; but, alas! it was not so. I never got further than insensibly fingering my rifle and helplessly opening and shutting the breech and shoving at the cartridges with my thumb. It must not be supposed that I spent any very prolonged period over this futile occupation, however, for events followed one another with extreme rapidity, and I should doubtless have collected my scattered wits in time to take a share in the fray, if the affair had lasted more than the very few seconds it did; but it was all over in a moment. No sooner was A. deposited upon the snow, amid the ruins of Bruin's lair, than the latter rushed quickly past B., successfully upsetting that astonished sportsman as he went. Two of the four being thus placed *hors*

¹ It is a fact, though a curious one, that the two "worst names" a Russian can use are Pharaoh and Cholera.

de combat, and a third being, as I have, to my confusion, confessed, too startled and agitated to take a sensible line of conduct, it remained for C. to rise to the emergency. This C.—to his abiding honor—did. That is, without recovering himself sufficiently to stretch that bear dead at his feet, he at least collected his faculties so far as to get his gun off, and that, most unfortunately for the bear, in the direction of the latter's person. The bullet struck it in the hind quarters. With a roar of pain the poor brute turned and bit savagely at the wounded place, but without pausing in its headlong flight. The next moment it was out of sight, but, in spite of this fact, a battery of rifle-shots was let off in the direction of Bruin's already vanished figure. Two of these were mine and one was C.'s second barrel. Personally I did not see the bear when I fired; indeed, I fired merely as a salve to my conscience and in the forlorn hope that one of the bullets might find a billet. As a matter of fact they both found billets—in the trunk of an intervening tree, a circumstance which I described but did not reveal, meanly reflecting that it was better to have it supposed, not only that I had seen the animal, but that possibly I might even have wounded it.

Then A. and B. arose from the earth, and we laughed and laughed, while poor Yegor raved in Russian billingsgate, till the tears streamed down our cheeks, the whole thing was so very ridiculous and unexpected. At length, however, Yegor restored us to seriousness; that bear, he said, was wounded, and perhaps severely; we must return at once to S—, get our snowshoes, and pursue; the matter would admit of no delay; we must be off at once. This sobered us, and the return journey through the deep snow completed the work of recalling us to a sense of the seriousness of life. However, we were in better humor now, and we reached the village in good time, having picked up our scattered garments on the way. There we harnessed our horses to a couple of light sledges, and in a very

short while were galloping off through the forest in the direction of poor, wounded Mr. Bruin's late winter quarters. Arrived at the deserted *berloga*, the scene of our late surprise and overthrow, we quitted the sledges, donned our long snowshoes, and started off upon the blood-stained track, Yegor leading the way. It was now about noon, and we had the prospect before us of a long stern chase as we plunged together into the dark recesses of the tangled forest. The pursuit of that wounded bear was fraught with incidents of a most entertaining description. The snowshoe-going was extremely difficult. Let the reader imagine the probable effect of trying to steer a pair of feet of about two yards in length through a wilderness of fallen trees and of upright trunks of trees standing very close one to another. Our efforts to attain a respectable rate of progression were attended with but partial success and by many reverses. It was most important to push on, for the bear did not appear to be badly wounded, and it was necessary to overtake him before darkness fell, or we should assuredly never set eyes on him again. Stoppages were frequent, for one or other of us was forever getting himself entangled among the tree-trunks, one shoe going east and the other west of some sapling; or perhaps one getting itself hopelessly jammed among the chaotic appurtenances of some fallen monarch, in which cases the tracking had to be delayed while the unfortunate was unwound or extricated and his heel-strap repaired. Once, soon after we had left behind us the belt of forest in which the chase had commenced, and were crossing a wide moor—moss and heather in summer, but now a mere dazzling expanse of snow, only relieved at long intervals by an occasional clump of stunted and starved-looking bushes—we suddenly came, unexpectedly, to the brow of a short but rather steep hill. It was, as a matter of fact, the bank of a ravine, through which there flowed in milder weather a now fast-frozen stream. We arrived at the top of this unexpected

descent in Indian file, for snowshoeing is far easier when the track is made for one, a service Yegor was now performing for our benefit. We saw the last-named disappear over the edge, and I, being close behind him, followed in his tracks. The others, thoughtless of danger, came at my heels. This would have been all right if nothing untoward had occurred, but, unfortunately, matters took a contrary turn just at this juncture. In a word, Yegor lost his head, and when half-way down the slope suddenly performed a very complete somersault, such as would have done credit to any acrobat. I, close to his heels, was of course upon him in a moment. I was conscious of having given him a dig in the ribs with my snowshoe, *en passant*, which, as I reflected even at that supreme moment, must have been extremely unpleasant for him, after which my proceedings can only be likened to the vagaries of a Catherine wheel, especially the sparks thereof, of which I saw a singularly large number. After twisting and spinning half in air and half in snow for what appeared to me a lifetime, and during which I was conscious of sundry hard bumps, which I afterwards discovered to have been collisions with the snowshoes or the persons of Messrs. A., B., and C., who were going through a performance precisely similar to my own, I arrived at the destination preordained for me by fate. This was a point at the foot of the hill, far, far beneath the level of the snow surface—a resting-place which I shared with a tough bush into whose midst I arrived head first, my snowshoes sticking out at the top, but my face, head and shoulders, and half of my body, being buried deep in the snow grave. The result of this *contretemps* was a rather prolonged halt while straps were mended, or bits of string substituted. Lost caps were hunted for and found with extreme difficulty; Yegor was abused; accumulations of snow were removed from neck, pockets, long boots, and other receptacles wherein it had found a lodgment; the consolatory flask was

produced and inspected, before we were in a position to resume the chase.

All this took time, and Bruin, had he known it, gained a good half-hour upon us. However, we were sorted and mended at last, and the hunt recommenced. We made much better progress now, for the forest was behind us, and though we came upon several other belts of woodland, none of these were of that broken character which had rendered the first portion of our journey so desperately difficult. The country now consisted principally of open moorland, over which the going was good. So we glided along for hours.

Hardly a word passed, for we all felt that the matter in hand was too serious to admit of frivolity. It was getting dark. The January days are sadly short, though delightfully bright and crisp while they last, and we began to fear that Bruin, for this day at least, was lost to us. Once the gloom began to get the better of daylight, the craven sun quickly gave up the contest and retired from the field, leaving darkness to strangle and swallow day as soon as it pleased. By half past four we had realized that it was all up with our chances of overtaking Mr. Bruin tonight. This was the more annoying because it was evident from the aspect of the track itself, and still more so from the occasional drops of blood, which were still wet to the touch and unfrozen, that we had gained considerably upon our quarry, and that he could not now be very far ahead of us. A council of war was held—a very breathless one. Yegor said that the bear would undoubtedly take a rest during the hours of darkness; he knew of a village close at hand; would the Gospodá condescend to pass the night here, and allow him (Yegor) to see whether he could not, perhaps, ring the bear at early morning? Should he be successful in this, he would hire beaters and arrange the whole battue before the sun was well up. The only objection to this was that our anxious friends in St. Petersburg might form alarming conclusions as to our fate at the

hands of this bear, in case of our non-return to-night. On the other hand, we could not possibly return through the forest on snowshoes; it had been bad enough by daylight, it would be impossible in the darkness; so that our kind friends would be compelled, in any case, to come to whatever conclusion as to our fate best recommended itself to their imaginations. We agreed, therefore, to adopt Yegor's suggestion, and to put up for the night with his friends in a neighboring village.

I must request my readers to permit me to draw a curtain over the horrors of that night. We lay upon straw spread over the floor of the one room of the house, all four of us in a row. The stove was heated to such an extent that the atmosphere of the room, which was, besides, full of people, soon became absolutely unbearable. To add to our misery, blackbeetles and creeping things innumerable came out from their secret places and walked over and over us, inspecting us with a view to placing us upon their night's menu. They liked us so well that they could not bear to leave us, and stayed all night. Ivan, the proprietor of the cottage, his wife, Yegor, and apparently several friends as well, passed the night either on the top of the stove or upon the narrow benches which ran along the sides of the room, all snoring in unison as though they had been trained to it. As for me I did not sleep a wink. I went out, after two or three hours of asphyxiation, into the cold night air, and contemplated the stars and the wonderful dark pines, and listened to the distant howling of a wolf, which was so very dismal that it made me feel quite melancholy and poetical; indeed, I actually began an ode to that poor, hungry animal, but fell asleep in my blanket under a pine-tree before I had time to compose much of it; what there was of it, I remember, was full of pathos and extremely beautiful. When I awoke it was beginning to grow light, and I was very chilly, and not in the least poetically inclined; so that the sad wolf was not immortalized on this occasion.

Yegor returned at eight o'clock, hot and radiant. He had ringed the bear, which proved to have passed the night, in the most obliging manner, close to the village. He had posted his thirty beaters, and all was ready for us. This was really most satisfactory, and Yegor thoroughly deserved the generous dose allotted to him by A. from out of the silver medicine-bottle which that sportsman invariably carries with him when out shooting. Then, escorted to the further end of the village by the whole boy and girl population, who stared at us with big eyes and made audible remarks upon our personal appearance, we sallied forth and were shown to our places in the ring. All this took place in the most complete silence. As I sat behind my snow-laden bush, waiting for the beat to commence, so perfect was the stillness around me that it was most difficult to realize that there were at least thirty-five men and women, besides a bear, within a short distance of me, as well as, in all probability, numbers of hares, a fox or two, a sprinkling of tree-partridges, blackgame, and willow-grouse, with perhaps a capercaillie to complete the list. So far as any outward sign of all this vigorous life nigh at hand was concerned, I might well have been the only living creature within three miles. Then suddenly a voice rang out, followed instantly by another, and at once thirty lusty throats took up the tale; the beat had commenced. Bruin was afoot and about immediately, of course. He was not the person to sit and dream while the enemy was on the war-path. He first charged the beaters, but was quickly booed back into the ring by those intrepid individuals. Then, to our intense excitement, he began to gallop up and down in front of us, but about a hundred yards away. We caught a glimpse now and again of his big brown body as it passed and repassed, but none of us fired lest by doing so we should discourage him from paying us a closer visit by and by. At last our patience was rewarded; he suddenly turned in our direction, and bore straight down upon us, taking a line

which would carry him out of the ring between B. and C.

B. allowed the monster to approach within forty paces, and then fired. The shot struck him in one of his front paws and infuriated him. He bit at the wounded paw and looked savagely around for something to vent his feelings upon. Observing the smoke which still hung around B.'s place, he forthwith came tearing down upon B. like an incarnate fury. B. gave him his second barrel, and hit him, but failed to stop his rush. B. now began to look a little anxious, and fumbled with the breech of his smooth-bore. At this critical moment, however, C. came to the rescue and planted a neat shot in poor Bruin's body. This turned him, just in time for B.'s comfort! The bear was now so sorely wounded that he did not seem to know in which direction he was heading. He picked himself up and made for the first beater he saw. The latter gentleman very wisely, and with marvellous expedition, shinned up a tree, which was the very wisest thing he could do, for Bruin clearly meant mischief, and was no longer to be turned back by a few shouts. Then he chased other beaters about, making it exceedingly lively for them, and populating a dozen or so of pines with human burdens. But by this time we, all burning for the fray, had arrived upon the scene, and poor Bruin's last hour was at hand. He charged B., who seemed to be his pet aversion, and was knocked over once more by that undaunted Englishman. Then he made for A., who allowed him to approach almost within reach of the muzzle of his gun, and to rise upon his hind legs before he pulled the trigger. At the sound of the shot over went the much-enduring Mr. Bruin, dead as the proverbial mutton, going twice head-over-heels with the impetus of the fall, but never moving a limb afterwards.

Then the beaters approached and surrounded this good bear which had made so heroic a fight for its life, and each vied with the other in the violence with which he poured forth abuse over its poor carcass. One would suppose,

hearing them, that this identical creature was responsible for every ill which had visited their village for years; every individual appeared to have his own particular private grudge against poor "Mishka," and vented his wrath in the most shocking language. It was a most fortunate circumstance for that bear that he perished before his ears were assailed by this outpouring of Russian Whitechapelism. It struck me at the time that perhaps the melancholy wolf whose dismal howlings I had listened to on the preceding night, might have "gone on like that" because he had approached too close to the village, and had heard the inhabitants swear; this would, undoubtedly, have been quite enough to make any respectable wolf howl dismally for the remainder of its natural life.

So, then, we slew our bear. The writer of this history had no hand, as has been seen, in the slaughter. I do not wish to say anything unkind about that bear, since he is now dead and cannot defend himself, but I did and do think he might have given me an equal chance with the others. He was partial, and no bear should allow himself to take sides in matters of this sort. It is not right and fair.

Then, accounts being settled, we journeyed back through the forest, beneath the magic tracery of the rime-clad pine-trees. At 8— we jumped once more into our luxurious kibitki, and arrived at St. Petersburg just as the lights were one by one springing out, cold and white, into the still lingering daylight. Here we found, to our relief, that our friends had not, as yet, donned sable garments on our account; indeed, one of these unsympathetic individuals was rude enough to observe that he had not remarked that our absence had been prolonged; while another said that he had felt no anxiety on our behalf, because he had reflected that we were all old enough and ugly enough to take care of ourselves. But then, as A. pointed out to B., ugliness is far from being any protection to a sportsman when bears are about, as witness the behavior of our late friend,

which had charged each time at him (B.), whose face, A. said, should have been a protection to him anywhere if the rule held.

But B. pretended he wasn't listening. A. is a good sportsman, but a rude fellow.

FRED. WHISHAW.

From Temple Bar.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.¹

I HAVE been asked to put together what I can remember of my great relative. In doing so, I will endeavor, so far as is possible, to repeat nothing of what has already been published, but to rescue from oblivion, before it is too late, anything of interest in connection with him. It is but little, I fear.

Yet, if little stays with man,
Ah! retain we all we can!
If the clear impression dies,
Ah! the dim remembrance prize!
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

In his introductory essay in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works, Mr. Leslie Stephen says: "Nothing could be told of Mr. Thackeray's private life by those who have the fullest means of knowledge which would not confirm the highest estimate derivable from his writings of the tenderness of his heart and the moral worth of his nature; and all that could be told would tend to justify the profound affection with which they cherish his memory."

He was my first cousin, although twenty-one years my senior, his father having been the third, while my father was the ninth, of a large family, consisting of seven sons and four daughters. He was also one of my godfathers. I may here mention that it is my father who is referred to in a letter written by Thackeray to his mother at the end of 1831: "On Christmas day I dine with my Uncle Frank. He is very kind, but asks me to dinner too often—three times a week. I met a pleasant party there last Monday."

My parents were then living in Ca-

¹ A small portion of this paper has been in print before. — EDITOR.

dogan Place, and Thackeray was a young man of twenty, just established in chambers in Hare Court, Temple, to read law, to which he did not take very kindly. One other allusion to my father, who two years later moved to Broxbourne, and died there early in 1842, is in chapter xi. of "The Book of Snobs": "O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf!" And then, after apostrophizing some other clergymen, he goes on: "How should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!" This was written in 1845.

My own earliest recollections of him date from the spring of 1849. I used from that time to spend a few days with him at the end of the Easter holidays before going back to Eton. He was then living with his two girls, in the hospitable white brick house, 13 Young Street, Kensington, which I can never pass unmoved. His handsome old mother, and dear old step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, who had been governor of Addiscombe, and in some respects was the original of Colonel Newcome, were also living with him. He was then but at the dawn of his fame. "Vanity Fair," begun in January, 1847, was completed in July, 1848. "Pendennis" came out in 1849-1850.

I well remember the first numbers of the former in their yellow paper covers, and the illustrations in vignettes from his own pencil. It was in 1850 that his long connection with *Punch* came to an end. I recollect being astonished and amused at his humorous drawings for that periodical, which were constantly being brought in to him on their box-wood blocks before being printed off. In these visits, which took place every year till 1852, when I went to Oxford, I instinctively felt that he was far greater than any one whom I had ever met. And looking back after an interval of forty years, I feel that I was not wrong, and that there was something in his mind and character, larger and more spacious, more liberal,

with less admixture of anything petty, or unreal, or affected than it has been my fortune ever to meet. In this respect I would compare him to Tennyson. One was naturally attracted by his fine, lofty figure, his bright, genial smile, his pithy, amusing sentences, and his cheery greeting. There was nothing in the least deterrent or formidable in him—and most boys are quick to see if they are regarded as bores by their elders. The description Tacitus gives us of Agricola was true of him: “*Nihil metus in vultu; gratia oris supererat. Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*”

Mr. Leslie Stephen well says: “His kindly feeling for the schoolboy is constantly coming up in his books; it is indicated by his warm recommendation of the great duty of administering ‘tips,’—a duty which he took care to discharge effectually in his own person.” I can bear witness to the truth of this from my own experience. I never visited, rarely saw him, at this time without having a sovereign slipped into my hand on leaving him. On one occasion, after I had my pocket picked in an omnibus, he emptied the whole of his purse into my hands. The exact amount, at this distant date, I do not remember, but it was much more than I had lost. This was when he was lying in bed, in one of his attacks of illness. On these delightful visits he would spare no pains in taking me to places of amusement—the play, or the pantomime—sometimes after an excellent dinner at the Garrick Club, where I remember his checking some one in the act of blurting out an oath, the utterance of which he would not tolerate in my presence.

This illustrates what he once wrote:

“We have a love for all little boys at school, for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*; may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read!”

In sight-seeing, whether visiting conjurors,¹ or picture-galleries, or other

public places of entertainment, he was always, I think, studying faces and characters. But he must have put himself to a good deal of inconvenience; and the sacrifice of valuable time that he thus made I could understand afterwards, though I fear I did not appreciate it sufficiently at the time. Once, when he had taken me to the theatre and secured me a good place, after staying a little while, he said: “Now I must leave you, and go and make a five-pound note.”

I saw him on the day of the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, on which he wrote his fine *May-Day Ode*. He had just returned from witnessing the fairy-like scene inside the palace, with which he had been greatly struck, and he was looking unusually happy and radiant. When my time came for leaving Eton, in 1852, he took much interest in my prospects, and would have liked me to go to Cambridge and to Trinity, where he had himself been; but a Merton post-mastership given me by Provost Hawtrey settled the question of my university. For the next four or five years from this time I regret much that we met but seldom. This was partly owing to the fact of his two visits to America (1852–1853 and 1855–1856) falling within this period, and partly to my having been very fully occupied with reading for “*Moderations*” and “*Greats*.” After I became a fellow of Lincoln, I urged him often to come to Oxford, and he did so at last, when he lectured there on the Georges. There comes back to my memory a lovely summer day, when we passed within hearing of the service going on in Magdalen chapel, of which he once wrote to Mrs. Brookfield: “These pretty brats with sweet, innocent voices and white robes sing quite celestially.”

I well remember how he enjoyed a stroll along Addison’s Walk, and I can never pass the sweetbriar in the Clois-

¹ On one of these occasions the performer went about dispensing to people in the pit various liqueurs from a seemingly inexhaustible magic

bottle, having no doubt pipes and scores of different fluids concealed about his person. The vociferous cries from the gallery to his attendant with the tray of glasses: “Come up here, Alexander!” tickled the fancy of W. M. T. very much.

ters, a piece of which his younger daughter (afterwards Mrs. Leslie Stephen) ventured to pick, without seeming to hear him call out, "Look out, Minnie, you'll have a proctor after you!"

On his return to London he sent me a characteristic little note with a sketch of a piece of the college plate in the postscript, and underneath it the words, "How good that cyder-cup was!" On another occasion he dined with the fellows of Lincoln, but, being a junior, I was not near him. He sat next to, and conversed most with, Mr. Neate, the member for the city of Oxford, who was unseated for what Thackeray called "a twopennyworth of bribery which he never committed," and whose place he himself attempted unsuccessfully to fill, in the Liberal interest, in 1857.

In the autumn of 1858 I went as an assistant-master to Eton, and from that time saw little of the novelist, excepting when I was spending part of the holidays in town, or when I occasionally recognized with pleasure his *cognita canities*, as he came along the streets, towering above every one else, stately and benevolent-looking.

In the spring of 1859, shortly after I was engaged to be married, I was staying at Oxford, and received from him the following letter:—

May 6.

My dear St. John,

I thought all that hankering about Brompton meant something. I congratulate you with all my heart, and promise you my benediction and a teapot. What can I say more, but that I am yours and your wife's,

Affectionately always,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Am just out of bed, having been ill. Am going to work again immediately. Too busy to come to Oxford to see you billing and cooing.

Once when I was walking in London with the lady who afterwards became my wife, he came suddenly upon us as we were looking in at the window of Lambert the jeweller. He immediately made us go in, and purchased for her on the spot a very handsome gold brooch. At this time he was living at

36 Onslow Square, next door to his friend the sculptor, Baron Marochetti, whose bust of the author stands in Poets' Corner. From time to time I dined with him at this house, and used to meet many celebrities. At one of these dinners, I remember there was "a noble dish" of Bouillabaisse. How touching in connection with the writer of them are the closing stanzas of the ballad that bears that title! At another, given not long after Macaulay's death, the conversation turning upon the historian, some one began to speak of him in depreciating language, when the host interposed, and would not allow it to go on. "He was a giant," I recollect his crying out. In my diary, for January 5, 1860, I find this entry: "Saw W. M. T. in bed this morning. He told me of the offer made him to continue Macaulay." Writing to me on December 5 of that year he says: "There's something about Eton in my new story, in the introduction to one of the chapters." (It is in chapter ii. of "The Adventures of Philip.") It only says—I hope the name is spelt right—that "Keate was a thorough gentleman." This I had on the word of three Eton men, who had been all fustigated by Dr. K.

One day about this time, as I was walking up from Eton to Windsor, I met Provost Hawtrey returning from town, who stopped me and said, "I have just put down your name for the Athenæum, and your cousin will second you."

It was extremely kind, as I had never said a word on the subject to either of them. When I came on for election fourteen years later, in 1874, both of these good men had been long dead, and I had to look out for a new proposer and seconder. Had it been otherwise, how greatly would the pleasure of visits to the Palladium, as it is called in the famous "Roundabout Papers"—strange to say on club paper—have been enhanced by such companionship!

One other letter, addressed to Sir H. Davison, I give here. It belongs to the period when the success of the

Cornhill Magazine had been assured under Thackeray's editorship. It has the ring of a most amusingly jubilant note of triumph : —

4 May.

How dy do, my dear old Davus? Read the *Cornhill Magazine* for May; the article *Little Scholars* is by my dear old fat Anny. She sends you her love, so does Minny. We're going out to drive. We've got two hosses in our carriage now. The *Magazine* goes on increasing, and how much do you think my next twelve months' earnings and receipts will be if I work? £10,000. Cockadoodleoodoodle. We are going to spend 4,000 in building a new house on Palace Green, Kensington. We have our health. We have brought Granny and G. P. to live at Brompton Crescent, close by us, and we are my dear old Davus's

Faithful,

W.M. A.I. & H.M. T.

Early in 1862 he moved into the beautiful house built in Queen Anne's style; but he was not destined to enjoy it long. I remember falling in with him in the International Exhibition of Art and Industry held in that year, on the site of what is now Cromwell Road. We walked through some of the courts together, and when we came to one with a gorgeous dinner-table of prodigious length, sparkling with silver-gilt ornaments, and fit only for a banqueting-room in Windsor Castle or Chatsworth, he said, "Supposing you and I, St. John, sat down at either end and ordered each our mutton chop!"

On March 10th, 1863, on the occasion of the wedding of the Prince of Wales, I saw him, I think, for the last time.

It was on the platform of the Great Western Railway station at Windsor as the crowd of visitors, with their diamonds and court-dresses, looking somewhat ghastly in the broad daylight, was returning by special train to London. He seemed amused at the scene, and pointed out to me several personages of note.

On Christmas eve of that year he died suddenly in the night, in his fifty-third year.

It is one of my chief regrets that I did not make more vigorous effort to see him oftener, in spite of the exigen-

cies of work. That work, I feel now, would have been all the better had I done so. To treasure the priceless friendship of the wise and good, to make the very most of them while they are with us — that is the moral that I read in such a retrospect as this.

O lieb so lang du lieben kannst!
O lieb so lang du lieben magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

In the earlier part of these reminiscences I quoted, as applicable to Thackeray, some words from Tacitus. The continuation of that passage well expresses the contrast between the relatively brief span of his life and the amount of work he crowded into it. "Et ipse quidem quamquam medio in spatio integræ ætatis ereptus, quantum ad gloriam longissimum ævum peregit." Strange it is to think that if he were now alive he would still be but eighty-one, two years younger than Tennyson was when he died, and than Gladstone is now. But I remember his saying to me after finishing one of his books, "I have taken too many crops out of the brain."

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

From Good Words.

A SCOTSMAN'S ADVENTURES ABROAD.

THOMAS THOMPSON he might have been on occasions; Tummas Tamson more commonly — if that had been his name at all. But it was another name with which the letter from Gourcock ended that informed me, several years ago now, that he was coming to consult me regarding a proposed tour in Palestine. The change of name, however, is the only conscious liberty I mean to take. The record of his travels will be as nearly as possible in his own words.

When he presented himself in my study I beheld a portly figure, considerably over six feet in height, an intelligent countenance, the head crowned with a sealskin cap, but such a trembling of the hand grasping the stick as to suggest a tendency to paralysis.

He appeared about seventy years of age.

"Well, doctor, what am I to do?" was his first word, before he even sat down. Looking at his age and the trembling hand, my reply was equally abrupt, —

"Go home to Gourrock."

"And what for should I do that, sir?"

"How are you to get up from Jaffa to Jerusalem?" I replied.

"In a cab, to be sure."

"But, my good man, there is not a wheeled conveyance in all Judæa" (it was before the road was completed or the railway thought of). "You must ride on a horse or a donkey."

"Me ride! I couldna sit five minutes on a horse or a cuddy either. But I'm awful keen to see Jerusalem before I die — and I mean to do it. And if you'll let me sit down and take up a bit of your time, I'll tell you what I have done in the way of travel already."

And so, making him as comfortable as I could, he gave me the story of his adventures up to that time. When entering on his narrative, or when he wandered into some disquisition, he spoke in rather pompous English, but when carried off by some incident he fell into graphic Scotch.

"The first time I went abroad was in July, and I went to Turin. The weather then was frightful, for the heat was unbearable. So, when I went to my room at night, I determined to secure some coolness, come what might. The first thing I saw was a notice hanging up, 'Please lock the door at night.' 'Naethin' o' the kind,' said I to myself, and so I opened the window as far as it would gang, and I opened the door to the wall, and I pulled my bed 'tween the door and the window, and then I filled the basin wi' cauld water, and put a' the towels into the water, and lit my candle, and lay doon, and covered myself wi' the wet towels from head to foot. The people passing along the passage glowered in at me, wondering, I dare say, whether I was a man or a corpse — but I didna' heed.

By and by the mosquitoes came in at the window, and sic' a nicht as I passed! Never a wink o' sleep, but fleein' after mosquitoes! In the morning, when the lad came to me," — I noticed that every commissionaire, guide, or dragoman was classified under the title of *lad* — "he made me see the folly of opening the window and leaving the candle burning, but he gave me the grandest thing for fleas, mosquitoes, and other cattle. Here it is," — pulling out a packet — "the 'Polvere di Persia' — never you travel, doctor, without that.

"Well, the hotel-keeper told me in the morning, 'Mr. Thomson,' says he, 'you'll die if you stay in this heat. You must be off at once to Chamounix;' and off I went. When I got to Chamounix, frail as I am, I managed to do my share o' climbing and crossing planks and bridges. But were you ever at the Ice Grotto? Ye see ye have to go doon a desperate steep braeface to reach it, but I tellt the lad to turn, and gripping his collar and wi' him in front I got doon fine; and although I was wet wi' the heat afore I went in, I wasna in that Ice Grotto ten minutes before my sark was as stiff as a board! Then, when I got up to the top of the braeface, I saw twa gentlemen — they were colonels, one English and the other American — standing looking at me. 'I guess, old boy,' said the American, 'you have not been doon at the Ice Grotto.' 'I guess I was,' says I, 'and if ye dinna believe me ye can come wi' me.' 'Turn round!' says I to the lad, and I gripped him again, and away I gaed and the Yankee wi' me. But when we got back, the English colonel, who was standin' as if he had swallowed a bayonet, says to me, 'You are a Hinglishman, if I'm not mistaken?' 'Weel,' says I, 'you are mistaken, for I'm not a Hinglishman but a Scotchman — a better country than your Hingland, which is naethin' but a land o' flats and ditches, and sae unhealthy that the queen has to leave it every year to get some fresh air in the Hielands; and as for your Hinglish sodgers,' says I, 'where wad ye

hae been if Wellington had not his Scotchmen to cry 'Hielandmen to the front!' when ye had eneuch o't and mair?' I believe if that colonel had had his sword he would have put it through me! That was my first trip abroad.

"I went afterwards to Italy and to Rome. When I was in Rome I was determined to see the pope, but it was then impossible, for Pio Nono was in the dumps about his temporal power, besides being unwell. But I did my best, for I got acquainted with the librarian at the Vatican, and one day I put it plump and plain to him. 'I wish to see the old cock,' says I, 'and I think if he kenned that I had been raal kind to Catholic children when I was on the Poor Board in Glasgow, he wad be glad to see me.' But it was no use. However, the librarian gave me this volume, which I have brought to show you, in remembrance of him. Well, there was an American lady in Rome with a black servant girl, that I named Topsy, and the lady and I became excellent friends, for she was, like myself, up in years, and I was able to be of great use to her. So one morning I saw in the papers that there had been a fearful earthquake near Naples, and I told her, 'I am going off to Naples, madam, to see the earthquake.' 'I'll go too,' says she; and so off we went by the first train, Topsy and all. When we got to Naples we drove out in a cab to the town where had been the earthquake; and it was certainly a terrible sight to see the holes in the street and the ruined houses, so much so that my friend from America wadna stay another minute, but into the cab we had to hurry.

"Next morning I determined to go up Vesuvius, which was in violent eruption. 'I'll go with you,' said the American. 'Na, na! madam,' says I; 'ye skedaddled yesterday, and I'll gang by mysel' the day.' However, she promised to behave, and off we went, up the Funicular Railway, and into arm-chairs at the station, and so were carried to the cone. But such a sight! The thick columns of yellow smoke roll-

ing past, and the roaring o' the volcano, and the great rocks fleein' up in the air! I was not astonished, therefore, when I heard my lady friend sayin', 'This is the very mouth o' the pit!' and gathering her dress about her, aff she flew back to the station. 'A' richt, madam,' thinks I, 'but I'll no be cheated o' my pleasure this time.' So I told the guides I was goin' to the other side o' the crater—the windward side. They were very unwillin' to go wi' me, but gang they had to; and certainly I did get to a point where I beheld the most sublime spectacle human eye could see. I was then by mysel', and the twa rascals wi' me were cryin' out that I must leave at once, so in case they might shove me in, an' naebody be the wiser, I told them to turn, and grippin' each o' them by the collar we ran as hard as we could down the soft ashes to the station. When the American lady saw me coming she ran to meet me, and caught both my hands. 'You are a brave old man,' says she, 'and as I saw you coming down with your face glowing, you put me in mind of Moses coming down from the mount of God.' 'I'm much obleeged,' says I, 'but there's a difference between me and Moses, for Moses cam' down wi' a table of the law in either hand, but I have come wi' a thief in either hand,' and I gave the two seondrels o' guides a shake. Well, that lady and me travelled together through the most of Italy—for she was an intelligent old woman and greatly enjoyed my stories; besides that, I helped her greatly to see places.

"However, doctor, there is a lot of wicked gossip in the world, and what did some fool who knew her do but write to her married daughters in America that their mother was on the point of being married a second time. Neither she nor I knew anything of it, but one morning, at Verona, she came to me after breakfast, and, looking very confused, told me that a most awkward thing had happened, and explaining the mischievous gossip, said it had gone such a length that a son-in-law had come all the way from America and

was then in the hotel. 'Send him to me,' says I. So in he came, and began a long speech about his great relief that instead of the person represented to him he found me an old gentleman, who had never gone farther than giving the attention which a fellow-traveller might in kindness show, and that he thought greatly of me, and wished to say so. 'And would you like to know what I think of you?' said I. 'Well, my opinion of you is that you are a duffer, and should be ashamed of yourself, and the sooner you go back the way you came the better'—and that was nearly the last I saw of him."

At a later date he told me of another adventure with a widow. He had landed the day before at Leghorn, and on going into the breakfast-room of the hotel he saw a lady in deep mourning sitting at a table with a nice-looking boy. The lady addressed him in English; and he told me how, after a while, she said, "'You see before you, sir, the most unhappy of women.' 'I am grieved to hear that, madam,' said I. 'May I ask the cause of your misery?' 'I lost the best of husbands, and I am broken-hearted; and have been going from place to place, and from shrine to shrine, seeking comfort, but in vain.' 'May I ask if your husband left you in poverty?' 'Far from it. I am the possessor of much wealth.' 'And is that fine lad your son?' 'He is.' 'Then, madam,' says I, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I have known many a poor woman in Scotland, who had lost as dear a husband as you, and was left with helpless children, and not a penny in God's world to feed and clothe them, and yet thanking God for mercy.' This took her quite aback. After a little she told me she was that day going to pray in a church some miles away, and asked me to go with her. When we reached the church I saw not only that she was expected, but that she must be a person of importance, for the great door of the church was open, and there was a crowd of beggars, and there came shortly afterwards a priest to receive her. I followed her into the church,

and watched her as she went to kneel before the altar. It was a touching sight, for there was a lovely statue of our Lord above the altar, and as she prostrated herself there and I looked at the Christ, I went aside and I prayed to God to comfort her. She then went to the confessional, and her son and I went round the church, he pointing to the votive images of arms and legs, and such like, which represented supposed cures through the intercession of the Virgin. When we were once more in the carriage I said, 'I hope you have received some comfort; but, madam, forgive me if, as an old man and not of your Church, I dare to ask you why do you go about the world seeking the altar of this saint or of that madonna? Do you not think that the Saviour who died for you cares for you more than they all? Why do you not go to him—who is ever near you?' Well, she thanked me much, and on parting she gave me her name and address in Palermo, and made me promise to see her if I was ever there. And I did see her; for many months afterwards I went to Palermo and sent my card to her address, and in an hour or two a grand carriage drove up with the lady's boy in it and two footmen standing behind. I can tell you the people in the hotel did stare when I drove off. I found her house a splendid palace, and she received me in a magnificent salon hung with white silk, and taking me with her to the next room where they were at dinner she put me next to a priest. 'Are you not afraid,' said he, 'to sit beside a Jesuit?' 'Not a bit, sir,' said I, 'for I hae kent too many Jesuits among ministers in my ain kirk at hame to be feared for you or any respectable-looking gentleman like you.' And so I spent a most pleasant day."

A year passed before I again saw my old friend. I was then in an open carriage driving down a street in Glasgow, when I heard "Doctor!" from the pavement. "Man, I hae been to Jerusalem!" was shouted almost before I could draw up. And so we arranged for his giving me an early benefit.

"We'll begin at Palermo," he said, "and tak' my advice, never you gang in a French steamer. For I gaed in ane to Messina, and sic a set o' jabbering monkeys as were in it! I couldna mak' them understand a word I said, but I got a fine Italian steamer frae Messina to Alexandria, and a captain who spoke English and treated me as if I was his father. When we got to Alexandria, 'Noo, Mr. Tamson,' said he, 'if you go ashore to an hotel they'll rob you, but if you stay on board I'll put you ashore every day, and you can see the place in comfort,' and so I did. One day a strange-looking craft was lying off the roadstead, and in the afternoon when I came down to the port I thought I would like to see her more closely. There were two wee Arab boys in a boat fighting, and the wee one was getting the better of the big one, when suddenly he was sent over into the water, but held on so tightly that the other had to let go. When they were in the water they fought like a couple of cats, but at last, settling their differences, they got into the boat and stripped off their wet clothes to dry. I was so diverted with them that I determined to hire them and their boat to go to the strange vessel; so holding up a franc, and pointing to the big ship, they came to shore and off I set, with the two wee naked scuddies at the oars, the bow high in the air and the stern deep with my weight. When we came near the vessel I saw she was an English man-of-war, and the officers gathered at the top of the companion soon hailed me, 'Hillo, old cock, where are you going?' 'I'm one of your owners,' said I, 'and I am come to inspect my property, and to see whether you can protect me.' So they welcomed me on board, and the young fellows showed me over the ship and took me into their ward-room for lunch, and I did keep them merry with stories. By and by I said, 'Noo, young men, I wish to tell you I am satisfied wi' ye. Ye're as fine a set of lads as ever I beheld, and, no to be profane, I would say, looking about on your open, healthy faces, you are not far from the

kingdom of God, all but that black-aveesed fellow there.' 'Oh, bless you, that's our chaplain,' they shouted, and in a little the joke was over the ship, and even the great mogul (that's the captain) on his quarter-deck got it.

"Well, I went on to Jaffa. Now, doctor, don't think me very wicked if I say as to what are called the sacred places that in general they seem to me to be humbug, but that tanner's house at Joppa was one of the few I thought the raal bit. I went on a lovely day and sat on the roof, and it was maist solemneesin', for there was the long line o' shore that St. Peter went along to see Cornelius, and the place I was sittin' on might have been the scene o' his vision, and so I sat a long while thinking. But when I saw the sea, blue and warm, says I, 'I'll gang and hae a dook,' so off I set and had a splendid swim; but when I was for going ashore a perfect crowd of the natives were gathered. 'What are ye glowerin' at?' said I, and giving my hands a clap they were off into their holes like a pack o' rabbits.

"How did I get up from Jaffa to Jerusalem?' Why there was a machine, that is, there was a board or two upon wheels, and sic a road! I thought my inside would have been shaken out o' me — but we had a grand dinner at Arimathea!

"Jerusalem was more interesting than I can tell you, and I went wanderin' every day to some bit or other. One day I went to the ruined mosque on the top o' the Mount of Olives, and when I saw the half-ruined tower I determined to get to the top. There was an arch, not very safe-lookin', that was to be crossed first, and the lad, that came wi' me and my donkey, said I mustn't try it. But doon I lay, and just drew myself over it, and called to him to follow. 'Nae wark, nae pay!' says I, and so over he came. 'I'm goin' up that broken stair,' said I, 'and you are comin' wi' me.' 'Not a foot,' said he. 'A' richt, my man, but nae wark, nae pay!' so come he did, and up we went; and when we got to the top I saw what I had hoped to see —

just a sma' bit o' the Dead Sea—and there and then I did what had never been done there since the makin' o' the world. What was that, d'ye think? I just sang out, as loud as I could, the Scotch version of the Hundredth Psalm,

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

and never did I sing it with a fuller heart than I did that day."

One remark regarding his stay in Jerusalem struck me as original, and it was spoken in perfect reverence. "It occurred to me," he said, "as I paced the Via Dolorosa, and thought of that procession to the cross, and the distance between the house of Pilate and the scene of the crucifixion—no matter which site you may prefer for Golgotha—that when all that our Lord had passed through is taken into account, the night of suffering and the terrible scourging, and the distance he had to walk, over a good part of which he carried the cross, I say that, humanly speaking, he must have been physically an unusually strong man." This is a reflection which seems justified, and I am not aware of it having received expression before.

But returning to the less serious part of his adventures he took me from Jerusalem to Constantinople. "One morning the lad came to me saying, that if I wished to see the sultan he was to go in public next day to say his prayers—a thing he had not done for a long time, as he was in terror of assassination. So, next morning the carriage was round at ten and away we went. We drove up to the grand 'Place,' and there the ground was held by soldiers, and in the middle of the square was a platform on which were all kinds of officers and ambassadors in full uniform, and near me were rows of carriages full of fashionable people. 'When I tell you to do so,' said the lad, 'you must get out and sit on the roof of the carriage if you wish to see the sultan.' 'Me sit on the roof o' a cab!' said I. 'No likely! There's no a more loyal man than me in a' Scotland, but if it was Queen Victoria that was

comin', and no' a mere sultan, I wadna climb up on the top o' a cab to see even her. But tak' you my card to that officer on horseback, and tell him I'm an auld man frae Scotland, and that I wish to see his Majesty.' So off he goes, and the officer spoke to another officer, and then up he rides and makes the sodgers staun back, and tells me in English to follow him, and away he led me to the platform where a' the swells were with their ribbons and orders; and didna they glower at me, as if they would say, 'Wha are you, old boy?' And in a while the sultan cam', and everybody bowed low as he cam'. But, says I to myself, 'Dod! I'll gie him a raal British cheer. Hoorraw!' says I, 'Hoorraw! Hoor-r-a-a-aw!!' and with that the sultan paused and looked at me, and, wi' a low bow, went on. After a time I saw him coming back. 'I'll gie him another cheer,' said I. 'Hoorraw! Hoorraw! Hoor-r-a-a-aw!!' and again he bowed to me and passed on. But he hadna gaen far before he stopped and spoke to an officer, and the officer comes up to me and says, 'Sir, the sultan commands me to say that if you wish to see his private gardens you will be permitted.' 'That's very kind,' I answered, 'but can I gang in a cab?' 'No, sir, you cannot go in a cab.' 'Well, be pleased to say to his Majesty that I am much obleeged to him for his kind offer, and that I'm very sorry I can't accept it.'" This ended all I learned from himself of the strange adventures of this forcible personality.

From Chambers' Journal.

A TRIP TO MINORCA.

WHEN in Palma, the capital of Majorca, we told of our intention to cross to the island of Minorca, they tried to dissuade us from the trip. "There is nothing whatever to see in the island except the *talayots*," we were informed. "Its scenery is about as beautiful as that of Lincolnshire; and its hotel accommodation, save in Mahon, the chief town, decidedly rough."

But a fair acquaintance with the world had taught both my friend and me to distrust the opinion held by the inhabitants of one island about the nature of an adjacent island. Such opinion is apt to be based upon prejudice, or even upon reasonable envy. No sensible person would give full credit to the judgment of an average Frenchman about Great Britain and her people; or suppose that our insular ideas of France and the French are trustworthy through and through. Besides, there were special reasons why we should feel a curiosity about Minorca. Had we not, in the Palma Museum of the Lonja, seen a great escutcheon in stone of the lion and the unicorn lolling against a wall with cobwebs about it; and had we not been told that the monument was a relic from Minorca — a reminiscence of the days of the last century when the British made themselves very much at home in the little island? Majorca is a very lovely land, full of flowers, and with a nook of mountains where the scenery is so alluring and grand that it would be hard to match anywhere. But Majorca has been Spanish ever since its conquest from the Moors in 1225. It has never, like Minorca, had the Union-jack flying gaily from its forts during the spring and autumnal equinoxials.

And so we resisted our friends' counsel, and one afternoon went aboard the steamship *City of Mahon*, bound for Port Mahon. It was a breezy April day, and the white horses were running at a great pace outside Palma's bay. Our passage was not a pleasant one. The boat had a fiendish kind of roll in the open sea. Moreover, the deck was populous with a crowd of little boys and girls — a juvenile theatrical troupe, engaged to perform twice or thrice in Minorca before returning to Spain. They were attended by half-a-dozen older folk, including the "prima donna," a languishing beauty, whose pallor was soon emphatic enough to show through her painted blushes in a very sad way. And save the fat manager of the troupe, I believe in half an hour every man, woman, and child be-

longing to it was very seasick. It was about as disagreeable a scene as it could be; for Spaniards are not heroic under such a trial.

Sunrise found us, however, at anchor in the fine harbor of Mahon. The frowning forts of Spain were to our right; and on the other side of the inlet we could see the dismantled ruins of the works built up so spiritedly and with such art by our own engineers nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. A rosy sun was just peeping over the red houses of Mahon, and casting a fair welcome sheen upon the still water of the inlet, and making the rather bare, hilly boundaries of the harbor look pretty enough in the translucent air.

There was every promise of a fine day, a mercy to be grateful for in the Balearics in spring, when a good deal of rain is wont to fall. Summer here is generally as dry as a bone. The hot, plain country of Majorca is then, in spite of its vineyards and olive woods, a profoundly disagreeable place of sojourn. The dust and glare of the long white roads are very conducive to ophthalmia. They are bad enough in spring, but summer much intensifies the badness. Each brook bed then dries up and cracks, as if it besought the obdurate heavens to pity its agony of thirst.

The diligences of the interior are vile instruments of torture at any time. Even in the coupé, where you do get plenty of air, you are half choked by the cloud of dust in the midst of which the three or four little long-tailed horses jog along with a well-assumed air of resignation. Those who are used to the land find support in the bad cigars of Spain and the thimblefuls of brandy which it is the fashion to drink in the different villages by the way. But to an unbroken foreigner, these are additional sources of irritation, not springs of consolation.

Late in the day we found ourselves in the diligence from Mahon to Ciudadela, with a blue sky over us, and a very endurable amount of dust in our midst, arising from our horses' feet.

In Minorca, by the way, they have a wicked habit of cropping their horses' tails poodle-wise, which much detracts from the dignity of the noble animals.

We had in the mean time spent several hours among the ruins of the British forts at the head of the harbor, and reflected about Admiral Byng. It seems clear that in our day we did not seize upon the right positions for fortification. Out of question, Spain has shown wisdom in concentrating her powers upon the other side of the inlet. It is a torpedo-shaped headland, all but an island, elevated, and with precipitous red rocks as a seaward boundary. From this elevation, the Spanish engineers look down upon the remains of our Forts Marlborough, St. Philip, and the suburb of George Town across the water. Their guns have a very formidable air, and the acres of red-roofed ammunition stores, barracks, and other buildings on the heights, are sufficiently impressive.

Our hopes of a closer inspection of the Mola, as this great fortified post is called, were signally defeated. Though I bore a letter to the chief officer of the place, he could not act as he would like to have acted. A government pinnace was offered us, that we might sail round the cape. But as for getting within the walls, that was impossible. The war minister had issued an express prohibition, and not to oblige a crowned head would my friend have run counter to it.

We rambled from one heap of rubbish to another, and marked where the French cannon-shot had harmed us most. Flowers were blooming heartily among the ruins, and bees buzzed about us. The blue sea laved the lower parts of the work, transparent for many a yard. The whole area is conspicuously devoted to slow decay. Above, on a prominent rock of the fort, are a few tombstones to British officers, but they are quite indecipherable. The salt air has eaten into the stone; and lizards scamper at headlong speed up and down their hot surfaces. And below, in the arched subterranean rooms, a myriad of names are scrawled on the

plastered walls, Spanish as well as British. Of the latter, some are as modern as you please, for the Mediterranean squadron often comes to an anchor in Port Mahon and gives the jack-tars a day on shore.

Unless the Duke of Newcastle's ghost revisits the earth to afford us information, I am afraid we are unlikely to know the truth about the tragedy of Admiral Byng. He certainly failed to relieve the siege of Port Mahon, and so we lost the island. But it is by no means certain that he deserved blame for the failure. Be that as it may, he died like a gentleman.

"What satisfaction," he asked, "can I receive from the liberty to crawl a few years longer on the earth with the infamous load of a pardon on my back? I despise life upon such terms, and would rather have them take it. I am conscious of no crimes, and am particularly happy in not dying the mean, despicable, ignominious wretch my enemies would have had the world believe me."

When the news reached him of his suspension, he stripped off his uniform and threw it into the sea. This was at Gibraltar. He was executed at Spithead, on the *Monarch*, on the 14th March, 1757. A cushion was set for him to kneel upon in the fore-castle of the ship — though he protested he was entitled to die on the quarter-deck — and at the dropping of his handkerchief five of the six marines who had been told off for the hateful task shot into his body. The sixth missed his aim.

"There lies the bravest and best officer of the navy," exclaimed a common sailor, when he fell dead.

It is hard to read Byng's last words without feeling some emotion. If he was merely a State tool, to be discarded and broken when done with, then the statesmen who sacrificed him had much to answer for. In any case, none but a man of sterling worth could have expressed himself as follows at such a time: "Would to Heaven I had died discharging my duty in the day of battle; then would my name have been

transmitted, with my father's, to posterity with honor, which now will be remembered with indignation, a reproach to my relations, a disgrace to the marine, and a scandal to my country."

When we had ridden the whole length of the island and viewed it from an eminence in the middle, we reluctantly came to the conclusion that Minorca is rather a dull and not at all a beautiful country. Save its harbor of Mahon, it has little to recommend it to the world at large. The winds are so strong over it, and the surface is so flat, that nowhere are there trees of any size. For the most part in the interior, where barley is not grown, a low scrub covers the land; though in places there are the beginnings of little artificial copses of pines which may in time get the better of their enemy, the storms.

A capital road runs through the island from north to south. General Wade started it; but since our day Spain has much improved on it, and now it would gladden even the critical soul of a bicyclist. The Minorquins meander up and down it on a very respectable species of ass, and in a mood that makes them ready to stop and gossip with any one who addresses them with a commonplace civility. There are several bright little villages in the interior. Alayor is the chief, with a big church and a sheaf of windmills conspicuous over its white-faced houses. Also, there is Mercadel; and close behind Mercadel is the famous peak called Monte Toro—or the Bull Mountain—upon which, several centuries ago, the Virgin is said to have appeared one day, in consequence of which the place was made the site of a church and monastery.

From Mercadel, which is as nearly as possible in the middle of the island, a good road trends west to the clean little village of San Cristobal. Here we picnicked agreeably with a native to whom we had been recommended, and paid respectful visits to sundry talayots of the vicinity.

Antiquaries and archæologists would delight in the talayots of Minorca. But

to the common traveller they repay investigation less than one has a right to expect, seeing how their fame has been noised abroad. They are not nearly so attractive as the nuraghe, or round towers, of Sardinia, with which they may have an affinity. They are harder to discover, and as spectacles they are trivial. But there is no doubting their antiquity. Even the nuraghe must yield them the precedence for their roughness of architecture and crudity of design.

A talayot is merely an irregular round or polygonal heap of rocks, with or without a central chamber, the rock masses at the base being of course the largest. There is little attempt at masonry in them. The limestone lumps have been dug out of the adjacent soil, and piled one upon the other until the edifice is of the desired height and magnitude. They are of various dimensions, the average being about fifteen yards in diameter and about six in elevation. Where internal chambers exist, they are generally approached by a hole that is little better than a burrow, slightly below the surface of the soil. Here, too, the workmanship is much more primitive than that of the nuraghe, which are not only built of stones very fairly dressed, but which further have in some instances spiral inner staircases as well as a lofty domed chamber of considerable strength.

Who shall say, with assurance, whether the builders of the talayots and the builders of the nuraghe were contemporaries? It is not improbable, even though the latter seem to belong to a more cultivated age. Both may be the handiwork of men of Phœnician origin, or of the primitive population whom the Carthaginians displaced. In the neighborhood of certain of the talayots one sees clear traces of an arrangement of monoliths in the form of colonnades, porticos, and chambers open to the air. This is notably so with what is termed the Hostal group by Ciudadela, the old capital of the island, at the north-west corner of it. Some of these monoliths are recumbent, having evidently been overturned by

force ; but it is easy to give order to the others, in spite of the jungle of flowers, bramble, and rye-grass which envelops them. Very interesting and suggestive here is the rude highway through the brake of vegetation still indicated by the monoliths. A brace of stones, each about five feet and a half in height, stand like gate-posts in front of the entrance chamber of one of the talayots ; and at the base of one of these monoliths my friend and I discovered, deep embedded, a basin of stone for all the world like a piscina, about a foot in diameter. We hit upon it by chance. What purpose it may have served, we could not of course tell.

The talayots apart, there is not much to say about Minorca. The town of Mahon is humdrum and rather pretentious. Its four-storied red houses seem to date from the same epoch which saw the rise of the Bloomsbury district of London. I dare say the same architects, or their pupils, had a hand in both achievements. The town deserves some praise for its hotels, in which you may live satisfactorily for about four shillings a day. This includes wine and also certain of those nice little biscuits which in Spain are known generically as "Minorquin pastry." No doubt, thanks to the tradition of British occupation — at least we will take leave to fancy so — cleanliness is in much esteem here.

Boots and shoes appear to be the

staple manufactures in Mahon as in Majorca. The cobbler looks up from his work for a moment at the sound of a strange step on the very rough stones which pave the streets ; but he has not enough curiosity in him to follow the wayfarer with his eyes for more than a moment. Another industry merits notice : this is the arrangement of shells and seaweed in fancy forms, such as ships, boxes, bouquets, and the like. It would seem a species of labor likely to be better rewarded at Ramsgate or Ilfracombe than in Mahon. There is, however, a certain demand for these pretty trifles from the British sailors when the fleet calls here.

When we had been four days in Minorca, we felt that we knew the island as well almost as the oldest inhabitant. It is but twenty-eight miles long by about ten broad, and easy of access everywhere. Word was then brought us of a steamer likely to set off for Palma on the fifth day. Without delay, we offered ourselves as passengers ; and so duly the shores of the little island receded from us as the grey mountains of Majorca grew clearer. There was a lusty gale again, and a sea in which we tossed somewhat rudely. But eight hours sufficed to carry us across the strait, and enabled us to set foot once more on the much livelier strand of Palma.

The entire population of Minorca is only about thirty-five thousand, whereas Palma alone has nearly twice as many.

DR. JOHNSON'S LAST PRAYER. — A few days before his death, previous to receiving the Holy Sacrament, Dr. Johnson composed and fervently uttered this prayer : "Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and thy mercy ; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance ; make this commemoration

available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity ; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends ; have mercy upon all men. Support me by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death ; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen."